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CHRONICLE.

The Royal Family. **THE PRINCE** and **PRINCESS OF WALES** visited Harrow this day week, being Speech Day; the **PRINCESS** distributed the prizes, and the **PRINCE** afterwards spoke wisely of public school education.

The **PRINCE OF WALES** visited Greenwich on Monday, and gave the prizes at the Royal Hospital School.

On Tuesday the **PRINCE** and **PRINCESS OF WALES**, with their daughters, left London to stay with Lord **PENRHYN** and visit the *Eisteddfod* at Carnarvon. The Duke of **YORK** gave the prizes at the *Shaftesbury* training ship.

On Wednesday evening **HER MAJESTY** visited Aldershot, and was received with a grand torchlight tattoo. The **PRINCE** and **PRINCESS OF WALES** at Carnarvon were "initiated" under divers honourable and poetical titles. It was done in public, the initiation, and there were bishops present, so that no doubt everything was as it should be.

The Review, for the purpose of which the **QUEEN** visited Aldershot, took place successfully next day.

In Parliament. In the House of Lords, yesterday week, **Lords.** Lord **SALISBURY**, presenting a Bill for the better handling of aliens, made a very important speech, pointing out that not merely our present practice, but our present legislation, leaves us at a great disadvantage both in respect to alien crime and to alien pauperism. In the discussion which followed Lord **ROSEBURY** and Lord **KIMBERLEY**, perhaps feeling that they cut rather a poor figure in leaving such a measure, at such a time, to the leader of the Opposition, tried to be scandalized at a too round assertion of his as to England being the hatching-ground of foreign political crime; but, this being disclaimed or softened, they had nothing left but to confess that it was a very important matter indeed, and to promise "full consideration"—as much, we suppose, as they can spare from the still more important task of trying to stay in by bribing their partisans with the goods of their enemies and the institutions of their country.

Commons. In the Lower House the Army Estimates were resumed with especial reference to barracks and military education. The Parochial Electors at last got themselves "accelerated" through Committee; and the

Select Committee for inquiring into the Attercliffe writ affair was appointed, not a little to the wrath of Sir **WILFRID LAWSON** and Mr. **CONYBEARE**.

Lords. Public Houses in Lewis, Malta Harbour, Industrial Schools, Quarries, and Shellfish provided the Upper House with a light but varied menu on *Monday*.

Commons. The Commons were wholly occupied with the Finance Bill on Report, wherein divers new clauses were moved, with the object of making rich men weep and howl a little less than Sir **WILLIAM HARCOURT** in his apostolic zeal wishes them to do. But the Government was obdurate in every case save one, and the automatic majority "functioned to marvel," as a Frenchman would say. The exception was an extremely modest request of Mr. **HENEAGE** that, when a man provides during his life for payment of the Death duty by insurance, he shall not be charged with Death duty on that provision as well—and even here the concession was provisional only.

Lords. In the Upper House on *Tuesday* the Prevention of Cruelty to Children Bill passed through the Report stage.

Commons. In the Commons Mr. **STUART** announced a compromise between the London County Council and the Thames Conservancy Bill promoters. On the Finance Bill Sir **WILLIAM HARCOURT** was more Pharaonic than ever, refusing to give any information as to the progress of business till the measure was through, resisting every fresh clause, with the exception of one exempting gifts to the nation or local authorities, and withdrawing his promise to consider the exemption of insurance funds. Thus Death duty is to be levied on the Death duty, and attempts to save a man's heirs from cripplement or bankruptcy are to be discouraged as much as possible.

On *Wednesday* the House of Commons (which, by the way, is again in trouble about its kitchens) returned to the Finance Bill, but the proceedings were absolutely similar. The Opposition moved and argued; the **CHANCELLOR** of the **EXCHEQUER** and the Law Officers refused to argue; and the majority voted.

Lords. On *Thursday* the Lords forwarded some Bills and talked about examination.

Commons. The proceedings of the Commons, after the fine old question of CROMWELL'S Statue (equestrian, of course, as somebody mischievously suggested) had been revived, may be described by the very same words as those on Wednesday.

Politics out of Parliament. Yesterday week Mr. GOSCHEN spoke to his constituents, attacking the Government sharply all round on their home and foreign policy, especially the Budget and the Congo Agreement. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN addressed a meeting, which was held under the presidency of the Duke of WESTMINSTER, on public-house reform, with more special reference to the Gothenburg system and its modifications. The manifesto was issued of a London Municipal Society founded on Unionist and Moderate principles. The annual meeting of the National Society for Women's Suffrage was held, Mr. COURTNEY presiding, as the LORD MAYOR did at a good rally of those who wish to check the attacks of the Bande Noire on City churches.

At the meeting of the Midlothian Liberal Association on Saturday Sir THOMAS GIBSON CARMICHAEL was nominated as Mr. GLADSTONE'S successor.

On Tuesday morning Lord SALISBURY'S Alien Bill was published, as well as Lord ROSEBURY'S refusal to face the Mansion House dinner.

On Tuesday the Eighty Club entertained Lord TWEEDMOUTH (that involuntary bailee of a peerage), and Mr. ASQUITH talked about "traditional enemies of progress." Might we not have a little "progress" in regard to stock phrases of political cant? Lord SELBORNE, in the name of the House of Laymen, forwarded to the Archbishop of CANTERBURY the protest drawn up by that body against the Welsh Disestablishment Scheme. There was a "discussion," in which Mr. BALFOUR and others took part, on Proportional Representation.

On Thursday Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT gave evidence before the Chiltern Hundreds Committee; Mr. ARNOLD MORLEY spoke at Norwich; Mr. BRYCE received a deputation on Conciliation and Arbitration Boards; and the Gibraltar Dock question was discussed in a private interview of several members of Parliament with Lord ROSEBURY and Lord SPENCER.

Foreign and Colonial Affairs. This day week the American Railway Strike was reported more formidable than ever, the Chicago roughs having fired the Exhibition buildings, and Uncle SAM was "hesitating to shoot" in a manner inconsistent with his past good sense and not promising for his future comfort. M. BURDEAU had taken his seat as President of the French Chamber; but foreign news as a whole was light.

News came on Monday of the catching of an actual tree-dauber at Cawnpore; but nothing could be got out of him except that his *guru* told him to do it. The Ottawa Conference had passed a resolution in favour of a Customs arrangement between Great Britain and her colonies. The Norwegian Storting was continuing its series of tableaux in Home Rule by deciding that a separate consular service for Ireland—we beg pardon, Norway—shall be started on New Year's Day. The Belgians had been fighting successfully with the Mahdists on the Upper Nile. Chicago was still practically in a state of siege, with the state of siege unproclaimed. Comments abroad, as was to be expected, were very favourable to Lord SALISBURY'S speech, and very unfavourable to Lord ROSEBURY'S attempt to raise a false issue.

By Tuesday morning, Chicago being practically under sack, San Francisco not much better, and a general strike ordered, or to be ordered, by the Master-Workman, or whatever his foolish title is, of the Knights of Labour and others, President CLEVELAND had held his hand no longer, but had proclaimed martial law,

or its equivalent, in Chicago. It was hoped that this would counteract the misconduct of Governor ALTGELD, who, as the *Daily News* says with just horror, "owed some favours at the polls to the party of disorder." The invaluable remedy of *pil. plumb.* had also at length been administered, and things were looking a little better; but the object-lesson of Trade-Unionism triumphant was sufficiently striking. A new Anarchist Bill had been introduced into the French Chamber. There was not much other foreign news.

The Intercolonial Conference at Ottawa had concluded its meeting by Wednesday morning, and an International Congress of Journalists had begun to meet at Antwerp. American news was somewhat better. Mr. DEBS, present dictator, had been arrested, and the strike in Chicago, though still full of words, was rather quiet in deeds. The Master of the Knights of Labour was still going to begin to call out that chivalry. But in California more serious trouble was expected, especially at Sacramento, the headquarters of the strikers. European news was slight, but Norway, always tinkering her liquor laws, had decided that two-thirds of the profit of the trade should go to old-age pensions. Thus the countrymen of Dr. ISEN may drink with the clearest of consciences, the means being pleasant and the end holy.

By Thursday morning the American strike showed further signs of collapsing, though it could not be said to have yet collapsed. The strikers at Sacramento, who were going to resist to death, had mostly scuttled for life; while DEBS and Co. had had true bills found against them. War between Japan and China, in Corea, was thought very probable in consequence of what the Japanese Minister in London has diplomatically called the "conciliatory disposition" of Japan. If "conciliatory disposition" means, as the telegrams declare, the landing of ten thousand troops and the suggestion by the Japanese Minister at Seoul that Corea shall renounce her allegiance to China, "conciliatory disposition" is really good. Italy had passed, and France was passing, new Anarchist Bills. The Spanish Cortes had been prorogued without the German-Spanish Tariff difficulty being settled. FRANCH, the Barcelona Anarchist and author of the explosion at the Lyric Theatre, was sentenced to death on Wednesday. Earthquakes had shifted from Greece to Turkey, and great damage had been done at Constantinople.

American news was again better yesterday morning, though a train had been wrecked, with loss of life, in California. Corea was still very threatening. In France the Income-tax had brought the Government close to defeat, but the Chamber, according to an odd French habit, seemed to get frightened at what it had nearly done, and passed a bumper vote of confidence.

Convocation. The Convocation of Canterbury was prorogued yesterday week, the Upper House having resolved on concerted measures against Welsh Disestablishment in every diocese.

Ecclesiastical News. Lord ROSEBURY'S selection of Dr. KENNION, Bishop of Adelaide, for the vacant bishopric of Bath and Wells, seems to be one of those against or for which nobody has much to say, and such appointments sometimes turn out very good ones. Dr. KENNION was an Oxford man, and seems to have passed most of his time before he became a Colonial bishop working in different Yorkshire towns.

Meetings and Dinners. This day week the Duke of DEVONSHIRE opened the new Royal Infirmary at Derby; the Northumberland miners "demonstrated," and were addressed by Mr. BURT, Mr. FENWICK, and the Bishop of DURHAM.

The Authors' Club entertained Mr. KIPLING and Mr. H. H. JOHNSTON at dinner on Monday.

On Wednesday the Duke of CAMBRIDGE presided at two functions. One was a meeting called to protest against the recent scheme by which Christ's Hospital has been impoverished and its usefulness jeopardized by the action of that strange body, the Charity Commission, which seems no sooner to meddle with a great school than it tries to ruin it or make it something different from what it was intended to be. The other was the prize-giving of the Duke of York School, at which the COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF, among other excellent advice, gave the boys the two commandments not to spout and to be neat in their dress always. We have known Cabinet Ministers speak much less sense at infinitely greater length.

A meeting was also held in support of the British school at Athens. This was attended by Mr. BRYCE and Mr. ASQUITH, who generously recommended the Universities to come forward. Considering that Mr. BRYCE and Mr. ASQUITH are prominent members of a Government which has just got its fist in a fresh treasure-chest, it might seem that they might adopt another than this vicarious and Tupmanic style of generosity. But, doubtless, they think it idle to rob rich PETER merely for the purpose of paying learned PAUL. "The 'vote, the vote's the thing Wherewith the demagogic 'purse to wring.'"

The Miners' Federation met at Newcastle, on Thursday, and it was said that the Northumberland Miners had at length joined it; which is bad news.

Monday morning was one of some interesting letters, including a very tart and amusing one from Mr. HUXLEY about Mr. LANG (who had objected to Mr. HUXLEY's doctrine, that when a subject does not "interest" you, you may make up your mind about it without inquiry), and much on the Christ Church scandal. In regard to this latter, Dr. TALBOT among others came to the rescue of the sorely bested authorities. Every one who knows Dr. TALBOT respects him, but we fear he gave himself away by urging that this was "an occasion for discipline to hit 'hard.' To hit whom? The guilty? or the innocent who might possibly on other occasions have been guilty? That is the very doctrine of "he deserved 'hanging for something else and so he shall swing" which we denounced last week, and in its very worst form. You may punish an old offender more heavily for a fresh offence, but you may not punish an admittedly innocent man because you do not think he got enough punishment on some former occasion.

The Dean of Christ Church at last answered on Tuesday, but made things no better, while "Alumnus 'Oxonienis'" made them worse; and Wednesday brought letters from Sir FREDERICK MILNER and Lord BEAUCHAMP. The latter put the facts simply and finally, winding up with the unanswerable remark that "to 'rest satisfied with knowing and punishing those who 'did not do it, is surely the very oddest way of administering college discipline that anybody ever 'heard of.' On Thursday also the subject was continued, the Dean's host-and-guest argument meeting the treatment it deserved; while his facts as to the chronology of the disturbance were completely upset.

Yesterday morning Canon SCOTT HOLLAND put in a plea of *jam satis* on this question. We are not indisposed to agree with the excellent Canon, except in his identification of Morocco with Mexico. Mexico, we can assure him, is in America, Morocco in Africa; and there is much Atlantic between them. But that fresh correspondence will do not much good to the other side, a good deal of harm to his own, and some to "the House" we do fully hold. Mr. LANG mildly begged Mr. HUXLEY to bate his manly rage.

This day week the portrait of Lady BETTY DELMÉ with her children, by Sir JOSHUA REYNOLDS, made a record in auction prices, being sold

for 11,000 guineas, another Sir JOSHUA fetching 7,500. Many other pictures and a good deal of miscellaneous bric-à-brac exchanged hands, including a *biberon* of the famous ware which they called Henri Deux the day before yesterday and Oiron yesterday, which they call Saint-Porchaire to-day, and no doubt will call something else to-morrow. The price—800*l.*—was not very high. A fine collection of coins has been sold during the week.

The Law Courts. In the case of the Queen's Proctor's intervention in the HAWTREY divorce suit the jury returned such a wonderful verdict that the learned judge presiding appealed to the goodness of Heaven to tell him what it meant. The Queen's Proctor was dismissed, but leave was given him to consider the propriety of applying for a new trial.

Judgment was given in severe terms, and further proceedings hinted at, this day week, in the case of the abandonment of the steamship *Helvetia*. For the present the master had his certificate suspended for two years, and the owner was mulcted 500*l.* towards the costs of the inquiry.

On Monday the Court of Appeal, Lord Justice SMITH dissenting, reversed the decision of the Divisional Court in the matter of the rating of the Art Union, and allowed the appeal of that body.

The result of the BRASIER-HARNES actions was, in the main, one of disagreement among the jury.

Lord RUSSELL of Killowen took the oaths on Wednesday as Lord Chief Justice with unwonted state and ceremony.

Bisley. The Bisley Meeting began on Tuesday, when the chief events were Regulars v. Volunteers and Oxford v. Cambridge in the Humphrey Cup. The Volunteers won narrowly in the first event; Cambridge pretty decidedly in the second.

The chief event of Wednesday was the first stage of the Imperial Prize—the principal competition open to Regulars only.

On Thursday the first stage of the Imperial was won by Private BROWN, of the Cameronians, the first stage of the Albert by Captain DUTTON HUNT, and the Ashburton Shield by Rugby, Bradfield being only one point behind. The Spencer Cup, however, was secured by Corporal APPERBY, of Cheltenham.

Yachting. On this day week another very fine match was sailed on the Clyde between the *Britannia* and the *Vigilant*, the Americans hoping that professional steering (for in the earlier contest amateurs had held the helm) would give them the victory. The *Britannia*, however, had again the best of it on all points of sailing, though she was not, as before, independent of her time allowance; and she won by nearly two minutes.

In a third race on Monday, and although the light winds made the *Britannia's* third win of ten minutes without time allowance not exactly "true," the race was a useful complement to the other two, first as showing the superiority of the PRINCE's boat in these circumstances also, and, secondly, because on this occasion the *Vigilant* obtained the same advantage of start and weather position that had fallen to the *Britannia* previously. It still remained to see the yachts matched in half a gale or more, but in all ordinary conditions it was settled that the English cutter was the better boat.

The *Britannia* was yet again victorious (by six minutes, not including time allowance) on Tuesday, the wind being stronger and continuous, though still light, and she did it a fifth time on Wednesday, and a sixth on Thursday—when, by the way, there was a fresh breeze.

Cricket. In the first Gentlemen and Players match last week, despite a splendid innings of 168 from ABEL, who took his bat in first and carried it out,

and a balance of 119 against them, it was not, when the Gentlemen went in a second time, at all impossible that they might win, or at least draw. Their bad luck, however, gave them forty minutes' play on Friday evening on a broken wicket and in extremely bad light, and the loss of six for 31 was practically fatal. On Saturday morning Messrs. BAINBRIDGE, JEPHSON, and BATHURST did their best; but the thing was hopeless, and the Players won by an innings and 27.

Curiously enough, in the second Gentlemen v. Players match (which took place at Lord's with altered and slightly strengthened teams)—at least on the first day of it—the conditions almost exactly reversed themselves. The Gentlemen on a wet wicket were not able to score as the Players had done; but they built up a good 254. The Players in their turn had the tail of the play, with bad light, and lost four good wickets for less than fifty runs before rain stopped the game.

This beginning did not prove deceptive. On Tuesday morning Messrs. JACKSON and WOODS took up the bowling with such vigour, the wicket was so awkward, and the fielding and wicket-keeping of the Gentlemen so good, that the Players were all got out for 108, followed on, were again dismissed for one less, and lost the match by an innings and 39. On the same day the M.C.C. settled the question of the follow-on itself by extending the required deficit of runs to 120 in three days matches, but retaining it at 80 in two days.

Yorkshire beat Derbyshire on Wednesday by three wickets.

Racing. The Stockbridge Meeting (or, to be very accurate, the Bibury Club and Stockbridge Meetings) afforded good, but not very noticeable, racing. The Stockbridge Cup, however, was a walk-over for Grey Leg.

Games. LATHAM beat SAUNDERS by three sets to love at Tennis this day week.

Henley. The Grand Challenge finish at Henley, yesterday week, in which Leander won from Thames, was remarkably good, but the other final heats were mostly processions.

Obituary. Sir GILBERT GREENALL was a very well known politician, landowner, and brewer in South Lancashire, and for many years represented Warrington.

LORD SALISBURY'S ALIEN BILL.

NO one, we suppose, who possesses some little knowledge of the world will attach any great importance to the affected horror of Lord ROSEBERRY and Lord KIMBERLEY at the remarks with which Lord SALISBURY introduced his Alien Bill yesterday week—still less to the clumsy and exaggerated echoes of that horror which their party organs thought it proper to make. Lord SALISBURY has never been a slave of convention, and perhaps there have been ex-Prime Ministers and ex-Foreign Ministers who would have wrapped up the plain fact—that all Europe thinks that political plots are generally hatched in England, and that in a very large number of instances Europe is not wrong—in a thicker cloud of diplomatic verbiage. The fact, however, is the fact, and, putting other things aside, it really does not become a FOREIGN SECRETARY who has just committed and a PRIME MINISTER who has just permitted the clumsiest breach of tact that British diplomacy has known for a generation to be horrified at mere plain speaking in other people.

Against the actual necessity of the measure neither Ministerial spokesman had anything to urge, and though the echoes have, as usual, re-echoed with less

discretion, they, too, have had nothing to argue. It is notoriously true that for want of a Pauper Alien Act we have laid ourselves out to be, and to some extent at least have become, the dumping-ground of the human rubbish of the world. It is no less true that for want of a Criminal Alien Act we have laid ourselves out to be, and have to a great extent become, the plotting-den of the world's villainy. The circumstances which led to, and which at least partly excused, this action or inaction of ours are well known. For a very considerable time in the early and middle part of this century the furious development of manufactures made cheap labour the one thing needful. And for great part of the same time a rather creditable pride in our "right of asylum," and a dislike of the political methods adopted in most Continental countries after the Congress of Vienna, united to make us unwilling to examine too closely the antecedents, or even the objects, of those who sought our shores under anything like a political ban. Now all this is changed. We have more labour than we know what to do with, and a great deal more than we can employ at its own extravagant valuation. We—that is all of us except Lord ROSEBERRY and Lord KIMBERLEY and their pressmen—know that the right of asylum has been disgracefully abused; while we also know that in most Continental countries, if a criminal has not quite so much chance of getting off as in England, an innocent man is not at all more likely to be found guilty. Again and again during the last few years—especially during cholera scares—everybody has longed to be able to "tip 'em the Alien Act," as it is said in *The Antiquary*, and nobody can have read the BRALL trial without a similar and even stronger longing in regard to persons of another kind.

On the pauper side of the question difference of opinion exists (save among a few belated disciples of the Manchester school), chiefly in regard to detail and method; indeed, Lord ROSEBERRY, who must know pretty well what his Labour friends think, may be said to have gone further than Lord SALISBURY himself in this direction. With regard to the criminals, recent events have gone far to stifle the old and honourable "asylum" sentiment. It has given place among those who still defend the policy of eye-shutting and arms-opening either to mutters of "retaliation" (which may be disregarded at once, for foreign nations are quite welcome to do what they like with any British subjects of the Anarchist type) or to a suggestion that, if we harass Anarchy, Anarchy will cease to extend to us the comparative immunity which we have hitherto enjoyed. This last argument sits well enough on Anarchist lips, but on any others it is not only cowardly but grossly shortsighted. It is all but certain that BOURDIN fell in attempting a bomb outrage against the "asylum" which had not been lacking in forbearance to him and his friends. Besides, nothing is more certain than that foreign countries, indignant at the welcome which we extend to their pests, have returned the compliment by winking at ours—at Fenians, dynamiters, and Irish criminals generally. We shall make little profit by paying the blackmail of connivance which such arguers openly recommend to the political kindred of VAILLANT and CASERIO.

As for the Bill itself, it is laudably simple, and the first part—that affecting paupers and other persons whose presence is undesirable for other reasons than crime—admits of little cavil in detail. It is merely a question whether it is desirable or not that the power asked for shall be given. In the other section, that which empowers the Secretary of State to give any alien notice to take himself off, and renders the said alien liable to imprisonment in case of disobedience, some may be disposed to think that authority for forcible deportation should be added. The chief objec-

tion to this appears to be that such a proceeding would shock the "asylum sentiment" more than the powers actually suggested, and that they do in effect secure the object.

A LOVER'S CATECHISM.

IF we may judge by many books, and articles yet more numerous, holy matrimony continues to agitate the minds of thinkers. While the world marries and is given in marriage, in the fearless old fashion, a multitude of counsellors bids mankind beware, and, as to marriage, mend it or end it. The difficulty, of course, is that nobody knows how a love-match will wear. It was different in the palmy days of Otaheite, where they practised the Old Hedonism, "as chance or fancy led," and subsequent differences of taste and character were matters of no importance. They are very important where man has "one unceasing wife," and woman has one unceasing husband. "In the long rubber of connubial life" rubs must come, and the problem is to foresee them and avoid them while it is yet time. An Italian writer advises the swain to cross-examine the nymph's maid, if she has one, and her farmers, if she is a landholder, and her coachman, and her late governess. But there is a trifling want of chivalry in such an inquest. Better and more openly fair it would be to print (on the back of the lists of dances used at balls) a *Lover's Catechism*. Questions could be asked about tastes and ideals. Thus, "Do you prefer town or country?"—a very important question, whereon may turn domestic tranquillity. "Are you a lady of decision, or do you like 'to make up your mind at the last moment?'" This is momentous. There are wives, and husbands, who lay plans as deep, and as much beforehand, as any MOLTKE, and who are excessively annoyed if any change is made in their programme. Others enjoy the sensation of not being committed to anything; and if a train starts at 5 P.M. do not know at 4 P.M. whether or not they mean to take it. A fearful joy, perhaps, but still they snatch it, being enamoured of freedom, and of the unforeseen. A decided and foresighted woman, marrying a vacillating man, is certain to be unhappy, and not to contribute much to Hedonism on his side, and *vice versa*. These inquiries, therefore, are highly necessary, yet how few think of them beforehand! "Do you love society, or is solitude, à *deux*, your ideal?" is another query which demands a truthful response. We pity the social lady married to a ZIMMERMANN (or OBERMANN) as much as the stern solitary wedded to a gad-about. Either taste is blameless; the sorrow comes when the tastes clash. Then there are such ponderous considerations as "Do you still play the piano?" "Do you insist on 'keeping a fox-terrier?'" "Do you suspect yourself 'of a tendency towards politics?'" "Can you read 'DICKENS?'" "What do you think of *The Heavenly Twins*?" Many other queries will suggest themselves to a reflective mind.

This Catechism ought to be presented (on both sides) and fairly faced in the earliest hours of an acquaintance—those hours now so often wasted in frivolities. The reason is obvious. Once "an interest" is established, once the young people are "interested" in each other, it is too well known that they are capable of saying *anything*. They promise concessions which they are incapable of making, and assume tastes (such as a love of poetry, of golf, of music, of fox-terriers) which are as lovely and as evanescent as the "other crest" that the wanton lapwing provides himself with in spring. Such are lovers' perjuries, which excite a misplaced sense of humour in JOVE. Really they are no laughing matter. The Catechism, therefore, should be gone through at

first before "glamour" has a chance. Of course, it will be of little service to the "soft enthusiasts" who love at first sight, but they are an insignificant minority.

It may conceivably be suggested that "The Lover's Catechism" will prove a mere Galeotto; but, at the very least, it would be a great aid to conversation.

THE "STATE OF PUBLIC BUSINESS."

THE annual invitation to HER MAJESTY'S Ministers to dine with the LORD MAYOR has been declined by Lord ROSEBURY on behalf of himself and his colleagues in what the Ministerial journal describes as a "genial" letter. As it does not seem to have been forwarded to the newspapers for publication, its geniality must be taken on trust. But, though we have no doubt from the well-known temperament of the writer that this quality was as conspicuous in it as its purport would allow, it will hardly be denied that an acceptance of the LORD MAYOR'S invitation would have displayed more geniality than could be infused into the most amiably worded refusal. And since this is precisely the kind of display to which the PRIME MINISTER is supposed to be most addicted, and which, indeed, is most generally expected of him, it is natural to look with some curiosity for the reason which he has genially alleged for declining the civic hospitality. As we read it, it seems a more ingenious one than many of its critics appear to have perceived. Lord ROSEBURY has pleaded "the state of public business" as preventing himself and his colleagues from accepting the proposed entertainment; and in most quarters the word "state" has been understood as though it were equivalent to the word "pressure." Considering, however, that the dinner had been considerably fixed by the LORD MAYOR for a Wednesday night, and, further, that on the particular Wednesday selected the calls of public business will not prevent the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER from appearing as the honoured guest at the banquet which is to be given him "in celebration 'of his Budget,'" his chief's excuse, as above interpreted, has naturally been made the subject of ironical comment. Of what nature, it is asked, are those official engagements which compel a Minister to deny himself the pleasure of dining at the Mansion House, yet permit him to make merry in the house of his friends at the National Liberal Club? And, in the absence of any satisfactory or even intelligible answer to this question, the impression would of course prevail that the PRIME MINISTER'S letter declining the LORD MAYOR'S invitation, however genially worded, was not felicitously conceived.

This, however, is surely to do Lord ROSEBURY an injustice. It is only fair to suppose that, if he had meant "the pressure" of public business, he would have said so. The word he used was not "pressure," but "state"; and nobody can deny that, if public business is not sufficiently pressing to prevent Ministers from dining at the Mansion House, its "state" is certainly such as might well render them most unwilling to accept any hospitality save that of a mutual admiration society of their own party. For that state might certainly be more gracious than it is. The Government, as they were told months ago (and already knew), and as their raw followers were assured by every competent critic of Parliamentary affairs (and would not believe), are simply impotent for all purposes of legislative production. They can pass a Budget Bill laboriously through the House of Commons—the country must have a Budget, and in the last resort their opponents must allow it to go through—and they can painfully collect supplies at the same rate and with the same assistance. But to get a step further is quite obviously

beyond their powers; and they have now reached that stage at which abeyance of the sensory functions succeeds paralysis of the motor apparatus. They have lost, not only all power of acting, but almost all capacity of feeling. Political neurasthenia must have gone far to produce moral anaesthesia when the Leader of the House of Commons can so callously expose himself to the ridicule which Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT'S attitude towards the "arrangements of public business" so irresistibly provokes. The expedient of withholding in the middle of July an announcement with reference to the Ministerial measures which are to be taken in August—with upwards of a hundred votes still outstanding in Supply—is so ludicrously puerile that only a Government which had lost all sense of personal dignity could possibly have stooped to it. It cannot be worth while attempting to keep up the imposture of a legislative programme even for the amusement of the rawest Radical recruit. Even he must be unable to swallow such flagrant nonsense as the Ministerial press has been chattering of late with respect to the four (why not say forty?) Bills which the Government think of taking up and passing in the spare moments of the three or four weeks remaining to them. There must at last come a day, we suppose, when Ministers will be obliged to make a clean breast of it to their supporters—a day when they will, greatly daring, inform the various factions with much regret that, though they have worked hard ever since the beginning of last year, they have not so much as been able to pull down a church, or even to gerrymander a single constituency, let alone to overthrow a Constitution and dismember an Empire. But the disappointment which these confessions might once have aroused has surely been discounted by this time; and, if there is any resentment still to be excited by them, the Government may just as well face it sooner as later.

THE AMERICAN STRIKES.

THE end of the strike riots in the United States supplies what is always welcome—namely, a contribution to the gaiety of nations. It is always "sport to see when a *Bold* fellow is out of Countenance, for that puts his Face into a most shrunken and wooden Posture, as needs it must." Not only persons of great judgment, but the vulgar also, must find something of the ridiculous in the boldness of the heroes of Sacramento, in the State of California. On Monday they were marching with rifles and defying the lightning of the Federal Government as stoutly as if they were so many candidates for the Presidency fishing for the Irish vote. On Tuesday, the Federal troops being on their way to Sacramento, these heroes—consulted their solicitor. They inquired whether they would have the law on their side if they fired on the soldiers, and on receiving the only possible answer, very prudently decided to bite their thumbs in private. We do not learn that the legal advisers were called upon for an opinion so long as the strikers in California had to deal only with deputy-marshals or sympathetic militia. They only put SAMPSON'S question to GREGORY when they were informed they would have to deal with six companies of infantry and four of artillery, bringing their machine-guns with them. Then they suddenly realized the wisdom of keeping on the weather hand of the law. It was all so American, so like the Indirect claims, so much the same thing as the heroics of Mr. CLEVELAND, so worthy of the bluster of Mr. HARRISON.

The collapse of this Californian POGROM'S Defiance is not the only incident of the same kind which has occurred within the last few days. The famous Chicago mob has become as supple as a wet rag

when firmly tackled by the Federal authorities. The Governor of Illinois climbed down from his high horse called States rights as meekly as may be when his tall talk was disregarded. He is now buying rifles and busily employed in restoring order. The CAMBYSES vein of Mr. Master-Workman SOVEREIGN has ended in absolute bathos. On Monday he was staring tremendous with a threatening eye, ordering his Knights out by the million. On Wednesday he was thoughtfully remarking that perhaps some of them would turn up on Saturday. Mr. DEBS has been laid by the heels, and then let out on bail. Some of his strikers are asking to be allowed to go back to work, and others are going without leave. The strike is declining upon the precarious support of a few tobaccoists and a handful of bakers. This pitiful end of so much rioting will probably be quoted by some among us, who are loyal to old formulas, as one more proof of the essentially law-abiding character of the American democracy. This laudable quality seems to be habitually displayed by what, on the face of it, looks like a slovenly indifference to the decent administration of the law and the regular maintenance of order. The Americans appear to see nothing shocking in allowing their Courts to become corrupt, so that murder and robbery grow rampant. When the evil has reached the intolerable point, a temporary remedy is found in mob violence, and the practical faculty of the people is illustrated on the New Orleans model. Respect for the law never goes to the length of taking measures in time to prevent the evil from making head at all. The standard which suffices in dealing with ordinary crime is further thought to answer well enough when what is at stake is the maintenance of order. To let mob violence get the upper hand first, and then restore peace by a great display of military force, does not manifestly strike the eminently practical and law-abiding population of the United States of America as either a costly or a stupid way of conducting its affairs.

The Chicago strike and its consequences in all parts have been what might be expected to happen in any country which was habitually content with a cheap and nasty administration. There is nothing particularly American about Mr. DEBS, or Mr. Master-Workman SOVEREIGN, or the destructive mob of Chicago, or the vapouring rabble at Sacramento. We could match all of them—indeed, their like could be found wherever there are agitators and a mob. What distinguishes America is the weakness of the authorities at the beginning of every such disturbance. This is partly due to the fact that many of the officials are political adventurers, drawn from a low class, and dependent for office on "bosses" and the wirepullers of Unions; partly it can be accounted for by the want of any permanent sufficient force to repress the excesses which mobs will everywhere commit unless they know that misconduct will bring punishment on them at once. The Chicago disorders have attracted special attention because of their scale, and because they took place in a great city; but the same sort of thing has been going on in the mining districts for years.

A CRACK OF A WHIP.

NOBODY, we suppose, will deny that "the late Mr. MARJORIBANKS"—as the sly Radical satirist of the House of Lords more than once styled him, the other night, at the Eighty Club—was an excellent Whip. Mr. ASQUITH perhaps approached hyperbole in declaring that it would be "the unhesitating and the unanimous testimony, not only of Liberals but of Conservatives, if they had to poll their suffrages on this question, that there is no man in our time and

"our generation who has united the qualities [necessary to the Whip] more conspicuously and more successfully" than the guest of the evening. Still the witnesses appealed to would have to do but slight violence to their historical consciences in associating themselves with the HOME SECRETARY'S eulogy; and the Conservative witness, in particular, will be the more ready to do so for a reason which does not appear to have suggested itself to the innocent enthusiasts of the Eighty Club. We have often had to admire the peculiar *naïveté* of this political body, but we know not whether it has ever before been so amusingly displayed as in their complete unconsciousness of the secondary significance attaching to their evidently heartfelt praises of Lord TWEEDMOUTH. The comical effect of this insensibility reached, perhaps, its highest point in the speech from which we have just quoted. Those who can recall the offensive bluster of the average Gladstonian "item" at the opening of the present Parliament will certainly smile to hear the Session of 1893 described by Mr. ASQUITH as "those days of danger, difficulty, and doubt"; and they will find still more provocation to mirth in the rest of the passage in which these words occur. Next after Mr. GLADSTONE himself, said the impassioned HOME SECRETARY, there was no one to whom the party were so indebted as to Mr. MARJORIBANKS, "who, with an unflinching tact, with an unerring instinct, with a capacity for enlisting discipline and summoning enthusiasm which I have never seen equalled, brought the rank and file of the Liberal party into line, and secured for us a complete and undeviating and unswerving success."

The "complete and undeviating and unswerving success" of the Government and party which have kept the House of Commons sitting almost *en permanence* from the 31st of January, 1893, until the middle of July 1894, and have got their present record to show as the result of eighteen months' labour! We repeat that the praises of Lord TWEEDMOUTH are undoubtedly well deserved; but were they absolutely unmerited, what Unionist could be expected to withhold his assent to a eulogy of the Whip which carries with it so damning a reflection on the pack? The "unflinching tact," the "unerring instinct," the "capacity for enlisting discipline," and the rest of it—no doubt these qualities were all of them necessary, and all of them forthcoming in abundance; but what are we to think of the Government which, blessed with the services of such a tactician, have but just managed to keep their heads above water? To have only saved an army from defeat may well be a commander's sufficient title to fame; but to have been only saved by him from defeat, and to be unable after a year and a half of hard fighting to point to a single victory, cannot possibly be represented as a glorious record for the army. Nor can Lord TWEEDMOUTH himself be said to have put a better face on the situation by the modest metaphor under which he chose to describe his services. He could only, he said, "accept the eulogies passed upon him in a very vicarious way indeed," which, considering what those eulogies really amounted to, was but a left-handed compliment to his late revered chief. "He was but the tool—he hoped a well-balanced and handy tool, a tool of good temper and metal—but still the edge and point were given to the tool by the greatest handicraftsman of modern days." But the better the tool the worse the handicraftsman if he fails to fashion anything with it; and what has Mr. GLADSTONE succeeded in fashioning with his keen-edged and sharp-pointed Mr. MARJORIBANKS? One piece of legislative workmanship, so clumsy and ill constructed that it was incontinently broken up and thrown away as rubbish, with the complete, if tacit, acquiescence of the public; another which has been

accepted by the handicraftsman, under loud protest against the alterations which have had to be made in it; and yet another which he petulantly destroyed with his own hand, rather than assent to the amendments necessary to convert it into a fair and creditable specimen of legislative handicraft.

For the rest, the more important of the speeches delivered at the dinner were eminently appropriate to the occasion. Whenever a speaker was not engaged in reviewing the fictitious Parliamentary triumphs of the past, he was discoursing with forced cheerfulness on the very real electioneering dangers of the future. The guest of the evening, of course, felt bound to "go for" the House of Lords. He has been a member of that House for less than half a year, and the privilege of sitting in it has been in his family for less than a generation; so that there is a twofold fitness in his discussing its abolition. We must take his word for it that he sincerely regrets his elevation to the peerage, and that he would "give a large amount"—though he prudently declined to name the sum—to go back to the House of Commons. But it seems a pity that his father, who was only ennobled so recently as 1866, when one would have thought that the "anomaly" of the "hereditary legislators" was at least as odious to Lord TWEEDMOUTH'S political associates as it is to-day, should apparently not have shared the present peer's objections to it. It was hardly worth while to gratify a taste for nobiliary honours which has so soon become extinct in the family. Lord TWEEDMOUTH, however, though he had to say, and said, what his hosts, of course, expected him on this subject, took no very inspiring tone thereupon. He cannot hide from himself, he admits—though the gentleman who cried "No, no," would seem to be a better hand at this kind of concealment—that "the campaign upon which they are entering," against a branch of the Constitution a little earlier in its origin than 1866, is "one full of difficulty, and perhaps full of danger, to their party"; and he judiciously added that, "unless the Liberal party secure a cordial support throughout the whole of Great Britain and Ireland on this subject, the settlement of it would have to be postponed to some future date." We should not at all wonder; and we should even not be surprised if the prosecution of this "campaign" at the next General Election, without securing the cordial support in question "throughout the whole of Great Britain and Ireland," were to have the effect of postponing, not merely the abolition of the House of Lords, but the next spell of Radical rule, to a very "future date" indeed. So serious, in fact, is this probability, that when, on the advice of Lord TWEEDMOUTH and others, the electoral programme of the party comes to be finally settled on the eve of the now not distant dissolution, we should not be struck dumb with amazement if the Abolition of the House of Lords should prove to have disappeared from it altogether.

But a watchful Whip is not the man to wait till the eve of a dissolution before reviewing the electoral prospects of his party. Lord TWEEDMOUTH has studied the recent contest at Attercliffe with a close attention, and its most prominent incident—the revolt of the Independent Labour party—has evidently given him, as it has given Mr. ASQUITH, profound uneasiness; so a full third of both their speeches was anxiously directed to the restive working-man. The HOME SECRETARY was solemn and statesmanlike, but a little vague in his appeals; the ex-Whip got briskly to business, and at once set about attempting, with quite comic indifference to appearances, to wheedle back the malcontents to the true fold. "They should go to these men," he said, "and tell them what he believed they knew—that, as in the past the Liberals had been their best friends, as in the past their

"objects and the objects of Liberals had been similar, so it was their business in future to keep in touch with the Liberal party, and to make the objects of the one the objects of the other, so that they could join faithfully and solidly in a great alliance. The Labour men could trust the Liberals to keep the promises they had made." What a delightfully simple mode of recapturing the workman's fugitive confidence! You go to him and tell him, "what you believe he knows already," that you have always been his "best friend"; that, inasmuch as his and your objects have been similar in the past, "it is his business in the future to keep in touch with you, and make the object of the one that of the other"; and that he "can trust you to keep the promises you have made." But, suppose that workman replies that, if he knew this already, he would not require to be told it; that, in fact, he does not know it, but somewhat violently suspects that the very contrary of it is the truth. Suppose, he goes on to say, that you have certainly made your objects his objects, and induced his representatives to vote steadily for them for a year and a half, but that, inasmuch as you have never yet made his objects your objects, he fails to see where the "business" of "keeping in touch" with you in the future comes in. It is true that the typical "working-men's leader" may not be using such language; but then this person, even if he be not what a compositor of the *Daily News*, with a delightful touch of accidental or deliberate satire, has made Lord TWEEDMOUTH describe as a "self-seeking demigod," is at best only the "Labour-member variety" of the common (or Lobby) Gladstonian item. The real question is, Are his working-men constituents beginning to talk in the fashion above described? And the ill-concealed tremors of the Eighty Club reveal a hideous suspicion that they are.

THE ANARCHIST LAW IN FRANCE.

THE murder of President CARNOT has apparently at last provoked the French Government into taking effectual measures to stop the Anarchist propaganda, which is mainly responsible for Anarchist crimes. The Bill drafted by M. GUÉRIN, and accepted by all but two of the Committee appointed, according to the usual French custom, to prepare it for presentation to the Chamber, will, if it becomes law, make it possible to silence incitements to political crime. In spite of the greater degree of earnestness into which the deputies have been shocked by CASERIO, it is still not impossible that the Bill may be laid aside. This is, if we are not mistaken, the third time within a few years in which a French Cabinet has endeavoured to pass some such law. Several attempts have certainly been made to obtain the power to silence journalists who preach "Murder, pillage, or incendiary-ism," and none of them have as yet produced any material effect. The reason is mainly because the influence of the Radicals has been effectually used against the Bill so soon as the fear or excitement caused by Anarchist crime had begun to die down. In the present case, the Chambers have been so deeply moved that a resolute Ministry will have an incomparably better chance of carrying its Bill. Something too must be allowed for the greater comparative strength of the Moderate party in the Chamber, and the character of M. CASIMIR PÉRIER. So far the prospect of the Bill is good, and if it is passed the influence of the PRESIDENT will probably be used to secure its effectual application.

It must also be allowed that there is one genuine difficulty in the way of drafting a thoroughly satisfactory Bill to repress the excesses of Anarchist and extreme Socialist papers. Some considerable ingenuity

is required to draft the Bill in such a way that its provisions could not possibly be used to silence the journalists of other parties than the Anarchist. As it was first drawn up, the Bill contained a clause so vaguely worded that it might very conceivably have been applied to Radical, or even Royalist, writers. The Committee has endeavoured to correct this defect, which, if it had not been removed, would in all probability have prevented the passing of the Bill. The Second Clause has been carefully revised, so as to contain what it is hoped will be an exact definition of Anarchist incitement. Put briefly, what the clause does is to declare that what would otherwise be a criminal incitement to commit murder, pillage, or incendiarism shall not cease to be that offence when it is committed for a political purpose, and that a general exhortation to plunder is not to be considered innocent because it is "anarchist." It may appear somewhat extraordinary that any civilized State should find it necessary to pass a special law to establish so obviously proper a rule. But the French Press Law of 1881 had practically deprived the Government of the power to place any check on the worst excesses of the newspapers. It is therefore necessary to undo the mischief. The administration of the law is of even more importance than the terms of the Act. Newspapers have hitherto escaped punishment more because their case had to be brought before a jury, and because the French judicial system allows of the most vexatious delays, during which there have been no means of silencing the offender, than because there was any doubt as to the law. M. GUÉRIN'S Bill will get over this difficulty by making incitement to crime an offence punishable summarily by a police magistrate. It is also provided that transportation may be inflicted in addition to imprisonment. With the object of depriving the Anarchist agitators of the much-valued opportunity of making a demonstration in Court, the magistrate is to be empowered to forbid the publication of reports of the proceedings. This is not a novelty in France, where reports of divorce cases are habitually suppressed, which some may think is very far from the worst feature of French judicial practice.

This Bill, if it becomes law and is thoroughly applied, will undoubtedly go far to silence some of the most pestilent offenders of the French press. The howl of rage which its introduction has called forth is its ample justification. Nobody can object to the effectual silencing to incitements to crime, except those who wish to commit them. It is a somewhat discreditable sign that papers of comparative respectability have raised the foolish cry that it is an attack on the freedom of the press. One well-known writer has objected to the clause providing for the suppression of reports, and has made the notable suggestion that it would be better to trust to the good feeling of the press. He has been compelled to confess that the majority of the readers of his paper are of opinion that what is wanted is some means of controlling the press which has no good feeling. We trust that this view will also be taken by the Chambers, but it is to be noted that the Committee is in some doubt as to this part of the Bill.

THE MYSTERY OF THE CHILTERN HUNDREDS.

AN irreverent age, at the instigation of "Mr. BERNARD COLERIDGE," is peering into the venerable mystery of the Stewardship of the Chiltern Hundreds. It is finding out some curious things, but it has not discovered, and will not discover, any respectable reason why the gentleman who knew that he had succeeded to the peerage of the late Lord Chief Justice thought it necessary to play at knowing no such thing. He did not succeed a brother who died childless, leaving a widow. He was not a collateral. His father was not domiciled

in the antipodes. There was no reason on earth—no decent reason, that is—why he should not have applied for his writ of summons in the usual way.

To be sure, the House of Commons would have lost an instructive and amusing Committee. From the remarks made by some of its members, the instruction is shown to be needed. Sir HENRY JAMES, and the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER, too, are of opinion that Scotch peers are peers of Great Britain, but not peers of Parliament, and that is so by statute. There are Scotch peers who are peers of Great Britain, but it is by creation, and they can apply for their writ of summons to the Upper House. The Scotch peers, a diminishing body, sit in Parliament only as Representatives. Irish peers can sit in the House of Commons because they are legally qualified to do so. By a gross injustice to Scotland, of which Mr. WADDIE ought really to take notice, no such privilege was conferred on her ancient nobility. Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT, although it fell to him to instruct the Committee, was not wholly without need of instruction himself. The number of things he did not know was considerable, and some of them were no more recondite than the fact that Mr. BERNARD COLERIDGE was the eldest son of Lord COLERIDGE. "The abstract nature of a peer," though it sounds profound, is not particularly obscure. A peer is a person who is entitled to claim his writ of summons to the Upper House. The writ cannot be refused him when he applies for it. Though the Committee, acting after the manner of such things, wandered to right and to left and blundered into notorious ditches, it had a very simple question before it on Thursday; namely, Is a gentleman who is entitled to apply for a writ of summons to the Lords also entitled to do acts which can only be legally done by a member of the House of Commons, whereof one is the taking of the office of the Steward of the Chiltern Hundreds? Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT's amusing evidence went to show that he is not, except when there is doubt as to the completeness of his right, or as in the case of a man whose brother has died childless leaving a widow, when the right is "precarious and not "at all permanent." Then a gentleman may, for the triple purpose of securing himself against the liability to pay fines, of consulting the convenience of the House, and securing the interests of his constituents, apply for the Chiltern Hundreds; but he ought not to do it for swagger when the case is clear. Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT, after endeavouring to maintain that the issue of the writ of summons was the only piece of evidence the House could have that a gentleman who was one of its members had become a peer, was compelled to withdraw from this know-nothing position. He confessed that, if a member persisted in not applying for the writ, and also in sitting, the House could satisfy itself that he ought to go to "another "place"—from which we gather that there is such a thing as the quality of being a peer apart from the writ of summons. But no wonder that the Commons wander lost in the mysteries which surround the peerage, when they seem to be in the wildest confusion about the nature of their own familiar Chiltern Hundreds. It is not a place of profit, and yet taking it vacates a seat, and nobody knows why. Moreover, it does not appear—and this is very nice—that it is ever vacated. We hear of its being given, but not of its being resigned. Can there be indefinite Stewards of the Chiltern Hundreds? We hope no effort will be made to clear up these doubts. It is not safe to look into the secrets of Constitutions. If the House must provide for the case of fools who want to attitudinize, it could allow them to resign in their own congenial way, without laying rude hands on the dear old roundabout gentlemanly way of doing things.

THE HEALTH OF THE BRITISH SOLDIER IN INDIA.

A GOVERNMENT which annually tabulates the deaths of some seven millions of its subjects, which watches with paternal interest over the physical well-being of nearly 70,000 British and 127,000 native soldiers, and whose officials are in charge of a jail population of more than 100,000, has naturally a great deal to say on hygienic topics. A portentous volume records, from year to year, the experience of the ruling Power in India in its combat with the various maleficent influences which beset alike the military forces and the general population. As regards the country at large matters are still at a rudimentary stage, and little can be said to have been effected beyond the ascertainment and demonstration of a preventible mortality of bewildering magnitude. The Indian reformer is constantly brought to a standstill by two overmastering difficulties—the want of funds, and the general indifference of some 250 millions of people, not one in a thousand of whom has the faintest belief in sanitation, or the slightest intention of altering his traditional habits at the instance of superior authority. But, in its two armies, the Government of India has effected improvements which have substantially reduced their cost and enhanced their military effectiveness. It was at one time a grave question how the outlay necessitated by the continuous waste of the European force in India could be met. A Royal Commission appointed in 1863 reported that the death-rate of European troops in India had for some years averaged 69 in the thousand, that this terrible expenditure of human life was unnecessary, and that the death-rate might, by certain practicable reforms, be reduced to 20, and ultimately—when the general sanitary condition of the country was improved—to 10 per mille. It is satisfactory to know that the former of these standards was achieved in the decade 1870-9, and that near approaches to the latter have been made in subsequent years, notably in 1883, when the death-rate was 10·8 per mille. The most recent experience, however, is of a less encouraging character. In 1892, for instance, the Report for which has just been issued, the death-rate was 17 in the thousand, as against 14·17 per mille in the decade 1882-91; the ratio of "admissions to hospital" was 1,517 per mille, as compared with 1,448 per mille in the same decade; and the ratio of "constantly sick" was 84 per mille as compared with 74 per mille in the earlier period. The ratio of invaliding alone shows a slight improvement, having fallen from 26 per mille in 1882-91 to 24 per mille in 1892. Eliminating the accidental character of single years by a comparison of longer periods, we find that the death-rate of the decade 1881-90 was 14·24 per mille, as compared with 19·34 per mille in the decade 1870-79; that the ratio of admissions to hospital showed a fractional improvement, 1,471 per mille for the latter period as against 1,475 in the earlier; and that the ratio of "constantly sick" rose from 60 in the thousand to 73. In making the comparison it has to be remembered that in the decade 1881-90 large malarious regions, Burmah and Beloochistan, were added to the Empire, and that recent changes in the terms of service have brought the soldier at a younger age into the country, and remove him from it just as he is becoming acclimatized. When all allowance, however, has been made for these causes, the figures fully justify the Sanitary Commissioner's conclusion that, though the progress of sanitation has resulted in a general diminution of mortality, much remains to be done in protecting the short-service army from enteric fevers and other maladies to which it is especially exposed. Among other causes of unhealthiness, the increase of "enteric" fever is extremely marked alike in all the three Presidential armies. The death-rate from this cause for the whole European force rose from 2·03 per mille in 1870-79 to 3·87 per mille in 1881-90, and the "admission" rate from 5 per mille to 13. In 1892 the death-rate from this cause in the Bengal army rose to 6·4 per mille, and in the Bombay army to 5 per mille. Part of this increase may be attributable to improved diagnosis; but, when all allowance has been made for this, there can be no question that the disease is one to which the European army, as now constituted, is more susceptible than at former periods, and that attention cannot be too sedulously directed to such improvements in the surroundings of the newly arrived soldier as may best serve to protect him from this terrible incident of Indian life. Every soldier, it has been reckoned, costs the Government some 150*l.* before he can be put down in an Indian cantonment. Considerations of

economy, accordingly, no less than of humanity, render it obligatory on the Government to spare neither trouble nor expense in making the diet, housing, clothing, and amusements of the English soldier all that they should be, with a view to a high standard of health.

The efforts of the Government in this direction have been laudably persistent, and in many instances have met with signal success. The ravages of cholera have been reduced to a minimum. The death-rate of the Bengal army from this disease, which in 1860-9 stood as high as 9.24 per mille, sank in the decade 1881-90 to 1.46 per mille, and the fall in the invaliding rate of the whole force from 4.3 per mille in the decade 1870-9 to 2.4 per mille in 1892 indicates one very material respect in which the general health of the army has improved. The prevalence of diseases such as ague, which in 1881-90 accounted for nearly a third of the entire admissions to hospital in the Bengal army, is due to conditions of climate, soil, and atmosphere against which no sanitary reforms, except on an impossible scale of magnitude, can have much effect; and the fact that the ratio of admissions on account of this disease remains at so high a level must be accepted as one of the costly incidents of a foreign occupation.

There is, however, one class of diseases—those euphemistically described as “contagious”—in which a formidable increase has been deliberately brought about by means, the effect of which was perfectly well known, and was, in fact, intended by those who succeeded in setting them in action. A formidable agitation in England against “State-Protected Vice” has resulted in the removal of all the precautions which experience had shown to be essential to prevent the spread of this horrible contagion in British cantonments. It culminated in a Resolution of the House of Commons in June 1888, to the effect that “the mere suspension of rules for the compulsory examination of women, and for licensing and regulating prostitution in India is insufficient, and the legislation which enjoins, authorizes, or permits such measures ought to be repealed.” The Secretary of State thereupon, overriding his Council, forwarded to the Government of India a despatch which adopted and enforced the Parliamentary Resolution. In obedience to this despatch, the Government of India repealed its existing legislation on the subject, and in 1889 passed a new measure, designed to meet the views of the Secretary of State, and at the same time to provide some precautions against the spread of the most terrible of all diseases. “To say that we are not to take steps of this kind,” said Lord Lansdowne, in reference to this measure, “appears to me to be tantamount to claiming for a class of disease which is probably attended by more disastrous consequences than any other, with reference to its immediate and its remoter results, an immunity which is not claimed for any other kind of contagious malady.” On the same occasion Lord Roberts, warmly seconding the Viceroy’s view of the proposed legislation, pointed out the formidable increase in the ratio of “contagious diseases” in cantonments to all other causes of sickness. “I find that in no station in 1883,” said Lord Roberts, speaking of the Bengal army, “did the ratio of venereal cases to sick in hospital reach 30 per cent.; at two stations only was it over 25 per cent., while at some stations it was under 12 per cent. In June of this year, at thirteen stations, the percentage was more than 50 per cent.; at a great many more it was just under 50 per cent.; in the majority of the remainder it was 30 per cent. and over.”

Lord Lansdowne’s legislation, however, and the rules framed under it, failed to satisfy the agitating party in England. Two American ladies, delegated by the “British Committee for the Abolition of State Regulation of Vice in India and throughout the British Dominions,” visited India for the purpose of inquiring into the working of the Act; and the subject has subsequently been reported on by a Departmental Committee appointed by Lord Kimberley in April 1893. In furtherance of the views of this Report, a memorial has lately been presented to the Prime Minister by Mr. Walter McLaren, Chairman of the Committee, and 230 other gentlemen, urging that the system sanctioned in India since the Resolution of June 5, 1888, does not accord with that Resolution, and praying that immediate steps may be taken to enforce the principles of the Resolution by express penal legislation. It has become necessary, accordingly, that all Englishmen should know the truth on this nauseous subject, and that the results already achieved by the agitation should be explicitly stated. They may be

summarized in the statement that the ratio per mille of admissions to hospital for contagious diseases was in 1892 more than double that of the decade 1870-79—410 per mille in 1892, as against 203 per mille in the earlier period—that in 1890 more than half the entire army went into hospital in the course of the year from causes of this order, and that in 1892 27,927 British soldiers were under treatment, nearly 15,000 of them suffering from those graver forms of the malady which are now recognized as dangerously undermining the constitution, sowing the seeds of a direful crop of remote diseases, and, according to a high medical Indian authority, leading, in fully two-thirds of the instances, to the invaliding of the sufferer within five years. The full horror of these appalling figures can be appreciated duly only when it is remembered that the experience of the Calcutta Garrison in 1873 has proved that, by proper precautions, and without a single authenticated grievance, the disease can be brought within the narrowest limits, and its graver forms practically obliterated. Subsequent experience, unhappily, has proved that the removal of those precautions, in deference to English agitation, results in the disease speedily recovering its original proportions. No one has ventured to say that the arrangements in force in India were felt as a grievance by the unfortunate classes concerned. The agitation is a purely English one, supported by missionaries and others in India who are in touch with the English agitation. The result is one of which every Englishman has good reason to be heartily ashamed, and which it is lamentable that no member of the House of Commons should have the courage to place in its true light before Parliament and the public.

HENLEY REGATTA.

IT had been prophesied that the Henley Royal Regatta of 1894 was going to be a failure; that people were tired of their great water picnic; that business had been bad and expenses heavy; in short, that nobody was going to Henley this year. It is true that from a racing point of view the diminished number of competitors—there were only 41 entries as against over 50 of last year—pointed to a decrease of interest; but whether it was due to the glorious weather, or to social interests, or to racing enthusiasm, there were undoubtedly as large and as brilliant and as gay attendances, especially on the last day, as in previous years.

On the first day there was a comparatively poor attendance at the Regatta. This, of course, was due to the fact that the Oxford and Cambridge Match had dragged on into the third day, and, although the Great Western thoughtfully ran a special to Henley at two o’clock, it was hardly to be expected that all the fashionable world would patronize both these events in one day. On the second day there was a very average crowd; but it was not till Friday that Henley was at its best. As early as twelve o’clock there was a huge crowd of boats on the water, and after the first race of the day between Leander and Thames for the Grand there was a complete block round the Umpire’s box, the police launches began to get angry, and several “Canadians” had narrow escapes from being crushed. The first thing that struck the spectator on paddling down the course was the great scarcity of house-boats. These were very few and far between, their places being mostly taken by moderate-sized steam-launches.

Of the racing itself we cannot speak with unconditional praise. On the first day there was hardly any interesting, and certainly no sensational, racing. There had been a great amount of discussion as to the merits of Ryan, the Canadian sculler, and some even talked of his beating the holder of the Diamonds. But though he showed himself to be a powerful antagonist, and gave Guy Nickalls a hard race to Fawley Court, he failed in staying power, and in the end was beaten easily. On the second day matters were better in this respect. Guinness ran Guy Nickalls hard in their heat for the Diamonds, and was only three-quarters of a length to the bad at the finish, after the fast time of 9.9 had been accomplished. Trinity (Oxford) and First Trinity (Cambridge) rowed a grand race. The first named dashed away at the start, but had only gained an advantage of half a length at the mile distance. Here they managed to put on another quarter of a length, but First Trinity spurted well, and a sensational finish resulted, their rivals getting home just a quarter of a length to the

good. Perhaps the most popular race of the day was that between Eton and Radley. This year's crew was the best Eton has sent up for many years, so that their comparatively easy victory over Radley was no disgrace to the latter. On Friday the first race of the day, between Leander and Thames for the Grand, produced perhaps the most exciting struggle of the whole regatta. Thames, who were first in popular favour, got away the more smartly, and led by their bow canvas at the top of the Island. Then Leander spurted, and drew slightly ahead. The boats changed places at least thirteen times in this ding-dong race, but Kent spurted splendidly towards the finish, and forced Leander home half a length to the good. This is the fourth consecutive year in which Kent has stroked Leander to victory in the Grand. Another excellent race was witnessed between Trinity (Oxford) and London for the Thames Cup. London were expected to win, as they had beaten First Trinity (Cambridge) by over a length on the previous day, while Trinity had only disposed of the latter by a quarter of a length. The Oxford crew, however, rowed splendidly, and, gaining steadily from the start, left their opponents a length and three-quarters behind at the finish. Eton subsequently scored a most popular triumph over them in the Ladies', winning the cup easily by three lengths. It is only fair to mention that Eton were quite fresh, while Trinity had already had a gruelling race in the morning. The final heat for the Diamonds between Guy and V. Nickalls was interesting as a race between brothers. Unfortunately one never feels sure in such a case whether the race had not been arranged beforehand. As it was, Guy showed himself considerably superior to his brother, and, after having beaten him at Fawley by two lengths, sculled in leisurely three-quarters of a length ahead. The performance of New College on the last day was distinctly disappointing. To save themselves for the Visitors' Cup, for which they had, as it turned out, merely to row over, they disappointed both their supporters and the spectators in their race for the Stewards' against Thames. Pitman simply gave up after Fawley, and paddled in ten lengths behind Thames.

Oxford is again to be congratulated on securing most of the honours of this year's regatta, Leander—an Oxford crew with a Cambridge cox—winning the Grand, Trinity the Thames, and New College the Visitors'; while Guy and V. Nickalls took the Silver Goblets, and Guy Nickalls the Diamonds. Thames were again successful this year. They secured the Stewards' and Wyfolds, and were left in for the final of the Grand, no mean performance for a metropolitan crew. Eton had far and away the best boat in for the Ladies' Plate; it was a pity they did not enter for the Grand as well. They were only nine seconds slower than Leander in their comparatively easy victory over Radley. The Canadians, of whom so much had been expected, failed to justify the good opinion formed of them. It was very unfortunate for all concerned that they thought it necessary to scratch in their heat for the Goblets. The Frenchmen, too, did not come off at all. We hope that we may, without giving offence, advise both the Canadian, Ryan, and the Frenchman, F. Boudin, that it is inexpedient in a race to be always looking round for the whereabouts of an opponent.

It seems as if coxswainless fours would never learn to steer a straight Henley course. We should have thought that a four which could successfully negotiate the gut at Oxford could easily keep its course over the Henley Reach, with the "Temple" behind to guide it. This year there was luckily less than the usual average of fouls. In the third heat of the Wyfolds on Thursday, London, who were leading, rammed a pile with such energy as to bend it almost down to the water's edge, and thus left Balliol to finish alone. On the same day, in the first heat of the Stewards', Leander fouled a skiff near the start, and the race had to be rowed again at the close of the day.

The threatening thunder on Friday drove many people back to town early, so that the course was not so animated as usual in the evening. The scene, however, was perhaps the most beautiful we have ever witnessed at Henley. About nine o'clock the sun was setting in a beautiful haze of red and green, while to the north, east and south loomed heavy thunderclouds, from which darted flashes of bluest lightning in almost continuous play. Although no rain fell, the lightning continued brilliantly throughout the evening.

MONEY MATTERS.

THE Board of Trade returns for June and for the first half of the current year are not satisfactory, chiefly because of the great falling off in the exports to the United States. For the month the value of the exports of British and Irish produce and manufactures was 17,909,155*l.*, a decrease of as much as 876,116*l.*, or over 4½ per cent. The falling off in yarns and textile fabrics, metals, apparel, and miscellaneous manufactures is considerable. On the other hand, more coal was taken by our foreign customers, especially Italy and Egypt, and at better prices than in June of last year. As already said, the unsatisfactory nature of the returns is chiefly due to the paralysis of business in the United States. For instance, Turkey, Egypt, India, and China each took more cotton piece-goods than twelve months ago, but the loss of American custom was greater than the gain in all these instances. So again, we sold smaller quantities of jute, linen, worsted, and woollens, and it is the falling off in the United States demand that is mainly accountable. For the past six months the value of the exports of British and Irish produce and manufactures was 106,883,475*l.*, being a decrease compared with the first half of last year of 894,465*l.*, or about ½ per cent.; and again it is mainly to the United States that is due the decline in our shipments. It will be noticed that the falling off in the value of the exports for the whole six months only slightly exceeded that for the single month of June. In some of the previous months, in fact, there were increases; but the decline in June has told upon the whole period. All through the six months the United States have been buying much smaller quantities of our goods. Roughly, the exports to the United States show a falling off compared with the first half of last year of about five millions sterling, or between 40 and 50 per cent. Were it not for this the year would have been fairly satisfactory. It is remarkable that, up to the very end of June, there was no falling off in the exports to India. After the Indian mints were closed, at the end of June last year, the exports to India were immensely increased, Lancashire hurrying cotton goods out to take advantage of the rise in exchange. The orders placed in Lancashire were on such an extraordinary scale that it would seem they had not been completed until the end of June this year. The exports continued very large indeed in the early part of the six months. They have been falling off for some time past, but even in June they were somewhat larger than in June of last year. Leaving India and the United States out of the question, as under the influence for the time being of altogether exceptional causes, there is a fair business being done with the rest of the world; in some cases, indeed, there is a very large business. We have seen that for the whole six months the falling off in the value of our exports was under a million, while the falling off in the case of the United States alone was five times as much. The rest of the world, therefore, including India, must have taken considerably more of our goods than it took in the first half of last year. The value of the imports during the month of June was 34,250,033*l.*, an increase of as much as 2,380,441*l.*, or nearly 7½ per cent. Articles of food and drink liable to duty, and the raw materials for textile manufactures, show decreases; but under all other heads there are large increases. Articles of food and drink not liable to duty increased very largely. For example, the quantity of wheat imported during the month of June exceeded the quantity in June of last year by about 25¼ per cent.; and yet the value was about the same, proving how great has been the fall in the price of wheat during the twelve months. The principal increase in the imports of wheat was from the Argentine Republic and Russia. For the six months the value of the imports was 211,031,597*l.*, an increase compared with the first half of last year of 13,349,357*l.*, or about 6½ per cent. For the six months there is an enormous increase in the raw materials for textile manufactures—more than 6 millions, in fact, or almost one-sixth. There is a large increase, likewise, in the raw materials for sundry industries—nearly 2¼ millions. Articles of food and drink duty free show an increase of over 2¼ millions; and living animals for food of over a million and three-quarters. Evidently the exceedingly low prices have induced merchants to buy immense quantities from abroad; and, on the other hand, the difficulties of the newer countries—North and South America, the Australian

Colonies, and so on—have compelled them to sell to us at any prices they could get.

The strikes in America and the difficulties of the Bank of New Zealand have intensified the distrust that has prevailed so long, and consequently the public is refusing to invest in almost all new issues. The Manchester and Sheffield Extension was hardly applied for by the public at all. It is stated that the underwriters have been allotted about 90 per cent. of the amount applied for. On the other hand, it is said that Lacon's Debenture stock and Barker & Co.'s Debentures have been largely applied for. It is noteworthy, too, that, in spite of the disappointment in the case of the Sheffield Extension, a syndicate has been formed to underwrite the whole of the 2 millions of Bank of New Zealand shares to be issued. The most favourable announcement, however, of the week has been on the part of the Commercial Banking Company of Sydney, to the effect that it will repay, with interest accrued, all Deferred deposit receipts issued in London which mature on or before August 31st, 1899. It will be recollected that when this bank was reconstructed last year, it was arranged that the deposits must be left with it for five, six, seven, and eight years, according to circumstances, from the date at which they would originally have matured. It is satisfactory to find that the Bank is now in a position to pay all deposits maturing for the next five years. This bank, it may be added, was always well managed, and was believed to be one of the very best of the Australian banks, and its failure took every one by surprise.

The India Council has been again successful in the sale of its drafts this week. On Wednesday it offered for tender 40 lakhs, and sold the whole amount at $rs. 0\frac{3}{4}d.$ per rupee for bills, and $rs. 0\frac{3}{4}d.$ per rupee for transfers. Subsequently it sold 50 lakhs by special contract. The applications were very large, but the prices obtained were lower than for some time past. No doubt the conversion of the 1842-3 Rupee-paper has depressed exchange. It is anticipated that some of the holders will sell in India, and that, therefore, the sending back of Rupee-paper will compete as a means of remittance with the Council's drafts. Business in India is exceedingly quiet, and there is very little demand for money. The silver market is somewhat weaker at about $28\frac{1}{2}d.$ per oz.

The strikes in America have made a very great impression all over Europe, and the public is holding absolutely aloof. For some little time past speculative operators have been arguing that the fall in American securities had been carried too far, and, consequently, they had been buying in the hope that they would be able to sell on favourable terms to the public by-and-bye. The strikes have caused a further fall in prices, and many of the operators are in consequence seriously embarrassed. It is not likely that there will be much recovery for some time, since it is inevitable that so complete a dislocation of business must add to the depression in trade. There are fears, too, that the Tariff Bill cannot be carried through Congress. Conference Committees are sitting, and everything possible is being done to bring about an arrangement; but it is felt that any great change in the Bill just passed by the Senate would lead to its rejection by that body. On the other hand, the members of the House insist that the duties on sugar must be either entirely got rid of or greatly reduced. The Representatives from Louisiana and other Southern States are opposed to this; and the opinion is very general, apparently, in the United States that no agreement can be come to, and that the Bill consequently cannot be passed this year. There is no change to report in Argentina, where there is exceedingly great depression; and it now appears clear that the sanguine hopes of an early recovery will be disappointed. In spite of the announcement by the Commercial Banking Company of Sydney that it is prepared to pay off a portion of its deposits, there are grave fears that other reconstructed banks will be unable to carry out their plans of reconstruction. There is a very strong desire that some of these banks should wind up, and that others should amalgamate; for the feeling is very general that there are too many banks, and that their competition prevents the weaker from recovering confidence. The Italian Government has been defeated on an important part of its financial scheme, which increases the fear that no settlement can just now be arrived at. It is also apprehended that the Senate may refuse to agree to a reduction of the interest on Italian Rentes.

The difficulties of Spain are as great as ever. Altogether, then, the public is just now in a very anxious temper, and the stock markets in consequence are weak and inclined to alarm. Probably the fears are much exaggerated, and it looks as if, in some cases at all events, the fall in prices has been carried too far. At the same time it is, doubtless, wise on the part of the investing public to keep aloof from markets just now. Nobody knows what may happen; and it is certain that the crisis in the United States is far from being over; it is probable even that it will become worse. The exports of gold are likely to be resumed on a large scale; the Treasury reserve is dangerously small; and the temper of the working classes is undoubtedly threatening. It is prudent, therefore, on the part of the public to exercise great caution.

Consols closed on Thursday at $101\frac{1}{2}$, being a rise compared with the preceding Thursday of $\frac{3}{4}$. The Two and a Half per Cents closed at $100\frac{3}{4}$, a rise of $\frac{1}{4}$. Rupee-paper closed at 55, a fall of $\frac{1}{2}$; and New Zealand Three and a Half closed at $100\frac{1}{2}$, also a fall of $\frac{1}{2}$. Caledonian Undivided closed at $127\frac{1}{2}$, a rise of as much as $2\frac{1}{2}$; and London and Brighton Undivided closed at 170, a rise of 1. But in almost all other cases Home Railway stocks are lower. Thus Brighton "A" closed at 155, a fall of $2\frac{1}{2}$; Metropolitan Consolidated closed at $85\frac{1}{2}$, a fall of 1; District closed at $29\frac{1}{2}$, a fall of $1\frac{1}{2}$; Great Eastern closed at $77\frac{1}{2}$, also a fall of $1\frac{1}{2}$; Midland closed at $158\frac{1}{2}$, a fall of 1; London and South-Western Ordinary closed at 191, also a fall of 1; North-Western closed at $171\frac{1}{2}$, a fall of $\frac{3}{4}$; and Great Western closed at 164, also a fall of $\frac{3}{4}$. The American market naturally is decidedly lower. Taking first the more speculative bonds, we find that Denver Fours closed on Thursday at $72\frac{1}{2}$, a fall compared with the preceding Thursday of $\frac{1}{2}$; Atchison Fours closed at 77, a fall of 1; and Erie Second Mortgage bonds closed at $74\frac{1}{2}$, a fall of as much as 5. Coming next to the shares which sometimes pay dividends and sometimes do not, Milwaukee closed at $60\frac{1}{2}$, a fall of $1\frac{1}{2}$; and coming, in the last place, to safe dividend-paying shares, Lake Shore closed at 131, a fall of 1. In the foreign market Italian closed at $76\frac{1}{2}$, a fall of $\frac{3}{4}$; Chilean Fives closed at $92\frac{1}{2}$, a fall of $1\frac{1}{2}$; and Greeks of '84 closed at 29, a fall of 2.

NATIONAL ROSE SOCIETY.

THE annual show of the National Rose Society at the Crystal Palace on Saturday, the most important of the Society's three exhibitions, proved, on the whole, both large and excellent. Probably to some visitors the exhibition was finer than was expected, considering the trials of an unusually trying season. But the date selected for the show was, it happened, particularly fortunate. The roses had, happily, sufficient time to recover health and vigour after the serious and prolonged check to vegetation caused by the cold and stormy weather of May, the effects of which were the more severe owing to the genial and forcing weather in April. The right weather, in fact, came at the right time, the three weeks previous to the exhibition producing the requisite warmth and moisture, and freedom from high winds, without any of those brief yet troublesome interludes of cold that so frequently annoy the open-air grower. As is usual at the Crystal Palace, the roses made a beautiful and imposing appearance, and were arranged with admirable effect. The separation this year of the amateur class from the professional—the one division being shown to the south of the central transept, and the other to the north—was a distinct gain to visitors, and should be observed on future occasions. With some few exceptions, the competition in the many classes open to cultivators was exceedingly keen, though the country as a whole was not so fully represented as in some past exhibitions. There were roses, it is true, from Scotland, and Messrs. Dickson, of Newtownards, in County Down, showed a most interesting and successful collection of roses in various classes. From Bedale, too, Messrs. Harkness proved, once more, how excellent the cultivation of the rose may be in the North of England. But it was from the Eastern and Home counties that the bulk of the victorious cultivators hailed. Among the amateurs, the Rev. H. A. Berners, of Harkstead, near Ipswich, was even more conspicuous as a prize-winner than he is wont to be. His

numerous first-prize successes were all incontestably of the first order. In the Tea or Noisette classes, for example, of eighteen kinds in one instance, and of twelve in another, Mr. Berners held his own easily, his roses being of unsurpassed quality, as selections, and of remarkable equality in the individual specimens.

The like standard of excellence characterized the splendid collection of twenty-four H.P.s, with which Mr. Berners took another first prize. The Rev. A. Foster-Melliar, of Sproughton, near Ipswich, was successful with a choice collection of twelve Teas, and took a silver medal for a flawless show of "Souvenir d'Elise." In the class for six new roses, the Rev. J. H. Pemberton, of Havering-atte-Bower, gained a first prize, all of his six examples being notable, and, as new roses go, attractive. Nothing finer in the way of a collection of any one variety was shown than the nine noble specimens of "Merveille de Lyon," for which Mr. Berners was awarded a first prize. The variation in colour of this exquisite rose was strikingly perceptible at the Crystal Palace. It is permitted to figure in competitions of the white rose, and occasionally it is white, or nearly white, though frequently its flush of colour is decided. Another very fine example of the "one rose" classes was the half a dozen blooms of "Madame Hoste," with which Mr. Orpen, of West Bergholt, Essex, won a first prize. This exhibition of one of the most charming of Tea roses was altogether impeccable. Mr. Orpen also showed a fine collection of eighteen distinct "Garden" roses, and little inferior was Mr. Cuthell's collection of the same elegant and attractive single or semi-double kinds, in which the pretty Austrian briars, "yellow" and "copper," were to be found, to the gratification of lovers of old garden flowers. With regard to the growing of Tea roses in the open, there are still many persons not fully aware of the hardness of these roses. They think there is something of hardihood in the venture. Much interest, therefore, attaches to the prizes offered for roses "grown within six miles of Charing Cross." Mr. Rivers Langton, of Hendon, thoroughly merited the first prize he took for six Teas, or Noisettes, in this competition. The Society does well in this way of encouraging the culture of the rose. Six miles, we would observe, is a better radius, as a test of skill among London growers, than "twelve miles," the limit to which growers were restricted in another competition.

In the professional classes, Mr. Mattock, of Headington; Mr. Frank Cant, of Colchester; Messrs. Paul, of Cheshunt; Messrs. Prior, of Colchester; Messrs. Dickson, of Newtownards; Mr. B. R. Cant, of Colchester; Messrs. Burch, of Peterborough; and Mr. Prince, of Oxford, were among the most successful exhibitors. Of the new roses shown by Messrs. Dickson, the hybrid Tea "Clara Watson" is especially attractive, excellent in form and texture. The new seedling "Alister Stella Gray," shown by Mr. A. Hill Gray, of Newbridge, near Bath, is extremely pretty and thoroughly distinct. In the various "colour" competitions Mr. Prince took a first prize for the beautiful "Souvenir de S. A. Prince," as a white rose, though white it is not as "The Bride" is white, which also appeared in this class. Mr. Mattock's first prize for a yellow rose was won with "Jean Ducher," a magnificent set of twelve; and a second prize was gained by the same grower for "Marie van Houtte," which is a truer yellow, and scarcely inferior in any of the qualities of a Tea rose. The first prize for "any light" rose was won, however, without any possibility of dispute, by Mr. F. Cant's twelve specimens of "Mrs. John Laing," a genuine "rosy" rose, and one of the most exquisite of H.P.s. Roses so various in hue as "La France," "Lady Mary Fitzwilliam," "Her Majesty," and "Duchesse de Vallombrosa" figured in this contest of light roses. A good selection of "Earl Dufferin" gained the first place in the fight for "dark crimson" flowers for Messrs. Burch, but the show was not a keen one, and none of the darkest roses grown appeared in it. The unapproachable "Maréchal Niel" made a splendid show in Messrs. Prior's first-prize collection. Roses may come and roses may go, but this magnificent triumph of Pradel's raising remains unsurpassed. Of novelties that are yet "antique," as other old-fashioned flowers are, there were shown by Lord Penzance certain "Old Gallic" roses, with other "single" roses or semi-single, curious and interesting in several respects. We may mention that Lord Penzance's beautiful hybrids of sweet briars, sweet of scent in leaf, stem, and flower, perfectly hardy and of great vigour,

will be offered to rose-growers by Messrs. Keynes & Co., of Salisbury, during the approaching autumn. As with other briars, and *Rosa rugosa* and the like, the handsome fruitage of these hybrids is one of their many charms.

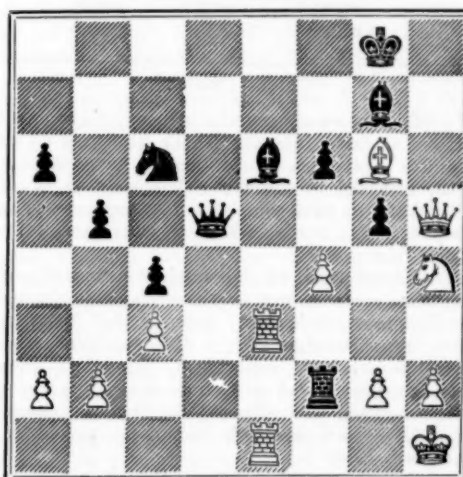
CHESS NOTES.

THE Chess champion has, of course, accepted Steinitz's challenge to a return match, to be played at the end of the year, under conditions similar to those of the match recently concluded. Lasker has waived his claim to be met on his own ground, and has proposed that the first stage shall be played at Montreal, and the final stage at New York. Meanwhile the champion is returning to Europe, and, after a visit to his countrymen in Berlin, intends to meet all comers in London during the autumn. He will not make any engagement to play for the championship until he has met Steinitz again; but it is possible that he will take part in the Leipsic Tournament, which is to be held in September.

The end-game printed on June 30 was the finish of a Ruy Lopez, played in 1886 by the late Captain Mackenzie, in a match with Mr. Burn. The diagram represents the

WHITE TO PLAY AND WIN.

BLACK—11 Pieces.



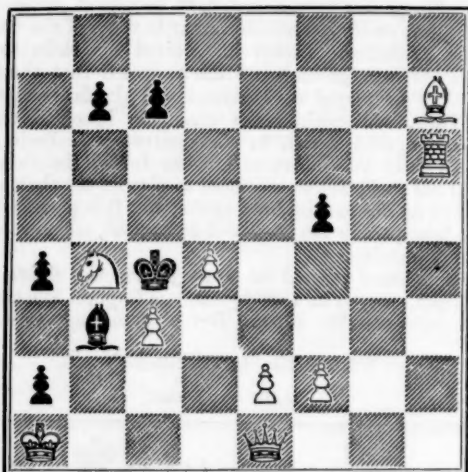
WHITE—12 Pieces.

position after Black's forty-second move. Both sides had been vigorously attacking, and Black had just lost the exchange and a pawn. Evidently White had a won-game, and could wind up as he liked; but he seems to have anticipated a mate in seven, and, therefore, no other finish, however pretty, would have been good chess. White checks on bishop's seventh; and bishop takes. As it happens, Black could have delayed the mate by playing king to bishop's square, and abandoning his queen. 2. Rook checks and bishop covers; for, if bishop takes, the mate is in six instead of seven. 3. Rook takes bishop, and king takes rook; for, if king moves to knight's second, queen mates. 4. Queen checks on rook's eighth, and bishop must cover. White, who has now sacrificed a rook, has a choice between two mates in three; he may take the pawn with a check, or, as Mackenzie played it, 5. Queen checks on rook's sixth, and king must move to bishop's second. 6. Queen checks on knight's sixth; and rook mates on the next move. Observe, by the way, what distinguishes the end-game from a problem. White checks on the first move; there is a series of forced moves for Black, with scarcely any freedom of action leading to variations; and on the fifth move White has a dual mate in three, occurring fortuitously. There are also sundry superfluous pieces, but to sweep them away would not convert the position into a problem. (Solutions, in the order received, from Broad Oak, C. T. S., A. C. W., Westdel, and others.)

The problem-solver who is wont to flit from blossom to blossom, and amuse himself for at least five minutes over every diagram that he comes across, will have noticed a three-mover last week by an expert composer to whom we

owe many fine positions and ideas. It is reproduced here mainly because of its good qualities; and after that admission we are fairly entitled to ask M. Desanges what he thinks would be the odds, in playing a game of chess, against such an arrangement of pieces as this, with the White king's pawn unmoved from the beginning, and two of Black's pawns on the rook's file, one of which must have taken at least three pieces in succession in order to get

BLACK—7 Pieces.



WHITE—9 Pieces.

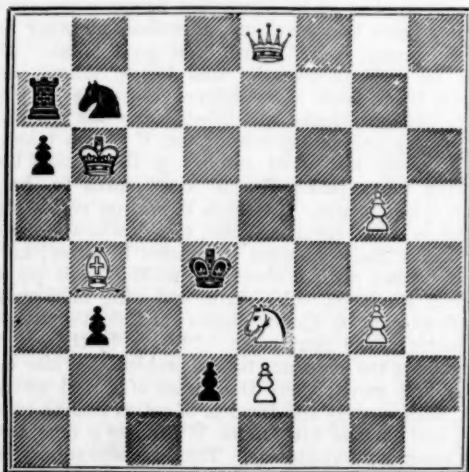
there? Of course we can conceive either of these unnatural things; but the two together are far in excess of probability, and a capital problem is marred by a blemish not altogether essential to the plot. The solution is a little difficult, or at any rate complex. The key-move is knight to bishop's second; but we will not further poach upon a neighbour's preserves.

It often happens that an elaborately constructed problem teases the solver with two or three plausible alternatives for the first move, which may indicate that the proposer had been experimenting with a different idea before he finally satisfied himself. Occasionally part of the theme of a problem can be adapted to such an alternative key-move, as in the diagram last printed; but it is unnecessary to say that this particular lock cannot be picked in any burglarious fashion.

Here is another problem which, though not quite unobjectionable in point of arrangement, is well worth attention as it stands. For a two-mover it is rather difficult;

A MATE IN TWO.

BLACK—6 Pieces.



WHITE—7 Pieces.

but the position of the king's pawn is bad, there is a trifling waste of material, and the rook has had to exercise much craft in order to occupy his uninteresting niche. The solution, and the name of the composer, may be reserved for a fortnight.

OPERA.

ANOTHER production and a revival to register at Covent Garden since our last chronicle. Faithful to the promise given, and noticed here at the time (November last), Sir Augustus Harris has produced Mr. F. H. Cowen's *Signa*; and a few days afterwards the revival of M. Bemberg's *Elaine*—a treat we did not quite bargain for—took place.

As to *Signa*, the work having been carefully discussed and praised in these columns on its production at Milan, we may be relieved from the duty of another analytical notice; all the more, as the several modifications introduced in the score since might lead to modifications in the opinion expressed before. Limiting our task to the consideration of the performance pure and simple, we find that, in point of staging and scenery the Covent Garden version has proved infinitely superior to its Italian prototype, then the Dal Verme performers, vocal and instrumental, compare most favourably with their Covent Garden colleagues. An exception must be made at once in favour of Signor Ancona, who sang Bruno's music admirably; but the rest, chorus and orchestra included, have done good service to the composer's cause. For the orchestra Mr. Cowen himself is responsible; he was at the conductor's desk, and, to put the matter briefly, he failed to emphasize the many fine points which his score contains. The whole thing was metronomically correct, every quaver was properly dotted and the crotchets carefully rung out—but the monotony of it! The "Neapolitan fête" in the last act went off like a brilliant firework at Milan; who noticed this page at Covent Garden? And so page after page the music went on, *et l'ennui montait toujours*. The first condition to secure an orchestral interpretation worthy of Mr. Cowen's music is to get the composer away from the conductor's desk. The next step should be to secure a singer who can sing the exacting tenor music of *Signa*. Mr. Ben Davies, despite the charm of his voice, cannot. The part is altogether too highly pitched, and calculated for a singer who, so to say, "a de sib plein les poches," and our favourite Welsh tenor has little in his pocket beyond a *g* natural. The best advice of all would be not to bring Mr. Cowen's opera in too close a contact with modern works. Despite its many beauties, the music of *Signa*, and the cut of the whole thing, seem terribly antiquated side by side with the *Navarraise* or the *Attaque du Moulin*; and as the plot is reduced now to a story about nothing, the intense dramatic interest alone of the other works is sufficient to kill at once an opera in which such interest does not exist. As to *Elaine*, this, too, was qualified here at the time of its first production as an amiable amateurish effort, and, though reduced almost by one third, the work remains what it was. The pages which have been eliminated will serve probably for the perpetration of another opera—at least, there is no reason why they should not. Has not a soprano solo assigned originally to Elaine been transferred now bodily almost to the tenor voice and given to Lancelot? Likewise the omitted air of the Queen might be given on another occasion to a bass voice, the tournament set with its sempiternal trumpet call might be used to illustrate the arrival of a postchaise, and so on, and it will not matter a straw. Nor does it much matter whether operas like *Elaine* are written at all or not; where our concern begins is when we pause to reflect, why we should have had this revival presented to us at all. Sir Augustus Harris has done such splendid work this season, and we owe so much to his indefatigable energy, that our faith in him remains unshaken, and we exonerate him from all blame. Our quarrel is with Mmes. Melba and Olitzka and MM. Jean and Edouard de Reszke, Albers, and Plançon. To think that we have to put up with a third-rate provincial German opera company at Drury Lane because the very artists who could give us, say, *Freischütz* or *Walküre* prefer to sing silly amateurish works at Covent Garden! *Manon*, *Falstaff*, *Navarraise*, *L'Attaque du Moulin*, *Fidelio*, *Freischütz*, and *Elaine*! *S'élever si haut pour retomber si bas*! The talent of such artists as Mme. Melba and the MM. de Reszke will ever provoke our admiration, but they will forfeit our esteem if, instead of showing due reverence to all that lyric art holds imperishable, they will waste their time in patronizing private musical accomplishments. They have done it once—that was quite enough; would it not have been to better purpose to revive Goring Thomas's *Esmeralda*?

Of the recent *débuts* we will single out that of Miss Florence Monteith as Micaëla in *Carmen* for especial praise; the gifted lady looked sweetly pretty in the simple garb of Don José's sweetheart, and sang delightfully. Mme. Calvé was the Carmen of the occasion, and M. Alvarez, Don José—two powerful competitors for public favour, *s'il en fût*, in the case of a *débutante*; but the very fire and "go" of Mme. Calvé and M. Alvarez have served as a set off to the refined delivery of Miss Monteith, and the duet of the second act and Micaëla's aria in the third have been received with sincere signs of approval. Of the doings of the German Opera we shall speak when the series of performances come to an end.

We are extremely sorry to have missed Mme. Patti's last concert, mostly, however, on account of some extraordinary things reported to have happened at the entertainment; but we cannot do better than quote the report *verbatim*:—"On this occasion she [Mme. Patti] interpreted Elizabeth's Prayer from *Tannhäuser* with remarkable effect, vocalizing the air as in all probability it has never been vocalized before." The italics are ours, and we accept both the statement and the inference; but—was Mme. Patti herself aware of this extraordinary feat attributed to her interpretation? Did she really vocalize? On turning to the score of *Tannhäuser* we cannot discover a single pretext for such a display of vocal agility—not one single vocalize; and what the reporter meant was probably "singing," not "vocalizing." Vocalization is singing, but singing is not vocalization—only one has to know it.

But some people seem to have lost the little common sense they possessed over this occasion; for here is another enthusiast seeing in the fact that Mme. Patti sang two Wagnerian excerpts in thirty-five years a clear indication of Bayreuth looming in the distance for the next artistic venture of the "illustrious prima donna." Of course, after *Gabriella* nothing less than *Götterdämmerung* or *Parsifal* is imaginable. And what next?

MR. REYNOLDS'S DISCIPLE.

THE "Journal of Universal Information" is a high-sounding name, but it is the name of a small thing. Number 27, which bears the date of last Saturday, and a copy of which now lies before us, is type-written on both sides of a single half-sheet of buff foolscap paper. It bears no name of a printer—perhaps because it has no printer—or of publisher, and in the top right-hand corner, where the price of newspapers is generally printed, it is inscribed "Gratis." About half of it consists of miscellaneous news, contained in some fifteen short paragraphs—of which the longest is quoted from somewhere else—such as that the opening of the Tower Bridge was "a grand affair," that the *District and Parish Councils Observer* contains "a capital article" about the State purchase of railways, and that the *Epicure* reports an alarming mortality among turtles while being shipped to (or from) Jamaica. The other and more exciting half consists of an enumeration of "a few of the many proposed reforms" that may be effected in the twentieth century. The anonymous editor of the "J. U. I." declares himself to be "a humble follower" of "Mr. Reynolds, of Notting Hill, now 30 years old," whose "ideal" is "no currency at all." So it may be that some or all of the reforms mentioned owe their proposal to that eminent person.

The reform first proposed is proposed in these words:—"Snuff will be unknown, while tobacco will only be used by some of the old fogies of the nineteenth, and which will die out with them." It is clear that the implied substantive of nineteenth is not regiment, but century; but who or what are the subjects of that unrivalled "and which"? A large proportion of the reforms concern the education of the young, and one of them is that "All children will be taught to use the left hand as much as the right, and a useless limb hanging by our side, as now, will be unknown." Mr. Reynolds, of Notting Hill, may be in the habit of feeding himself, dressing himself, bathing, swimming, playing his fiddle, and so on, with his right hand only, but he is only thirty, and seeing that he will be thirty-five before this century closes, we cannot but hope that he will redeem his left hand from absolute uselessness, even without the advantage of a twentieth-century education. By dint of gymnastic training, "boys and girls will be able to use their legs as much as their arms if necessary"—from this we infer that

the boys and girls of Notting Hill stand, walk, and run with the right leg only, and not much with that—"and their toes as much as their fingers, for if nature had intended them [the boys and girls] to be incased in shapeless boots and shoes, the foot would not have had five toes." This is a very pretty as well as a very old argument, but there are a considerable number of parts of the human frame, both inside and out, of which it entirely fails to give any explanation at all. It is, in this instance, also open to the objections (1) that if nature had meant toes to be "used as much as" fingers, it would have made them as long as fingers; and (2) that if it had it would have considerably impaired their value as things to use in walking. Several of the proposed reforms affect dress. "Long skirts will be abolished, and ultimately skirts altogether." "Top or dress hats will follow the skirts." This last is enigmatic, but we take it to mean that tall hats will be abolished, and ultimately hats altogether. No doubt some skulls are fairly thick, but we have never been able to see why the human head should be expected to brave all weathers unprotected any more than other parts of the body. As to the skirts, one would like to know both why they are to be indulged with gradual extinction, and what, if anything, is to replace them. "Gloves will be worn as they were intended [by nature] to keep the hands warm; and not as now," to keep them clean. That is the meaning, but the "J. U. I." discreetly phrases it "in hot weather and in heated ball-rooms and theatres." One more particularly cheering paragraph must be reproduced:—"Fashionable doctors will become extinct. Companies will be established everywhere to keep you in health or attend to you if sick." Truly the faith of some Britons in a "company" as a thing which works of itself, and may be trusted absolutely, is almost pathetic.

Of course, in one aspect, all this is foolish enough—"very gay, very foolish indeed"—but in another way it is interesting, because it exhibits the curious form of impatience with the facts of the universe, and a petulant belief that they "do not suit," and "can be altered," which is so characteristic of great numbers of ignorant or silly people at the present day. "How absurd not to be able to use our feet as hands! Let us leave off boots!" "Why should women wear skirts, which are subject to various kinds of inconvenience? Let us sweep them away!" So speaks the modern Radical, without stopping to consider that the main uses of feet are standing and walking, which can be done much better in boots, or that it has pleased Providence to fashion women in such a form that a dress with a skirt combines convenience and grace far more effectively than any other. We had almost hoped that Mr. Reynolds's disciple was the Radical for whom we have long waited, who will seriously insist that real equality between the sexes shall be introduced by men taking their turn equally with women in the bearing and rearing of children. That such persons exist there can be no doubt, and that we shall some day catch one alive and in print is not only our constant hope but our invincible faith.

DRAMA—BECKET AT THE LYCEUM.

THE attractions of the revived *Faust* would, no doubt, have been sufficient to fulfil the purposes of the Lyceum Theatre, so far as the present season is concerned; but Mr. Irving has generously recognized that the success of Poet and artists in *Becket* calls for a repetition, if even for a few nights only, of Lord Tennyson's majestic drama. On Monday night, therefore, Mr. Irving resumed his pathetic and enthralling impersonation of the great Chancellor-Archbishop. Remembering, as we do, the performance of the 22nd July last year, which seemed perfect in pathos, passion, and elocution, it did not seem possible that any improvement on the same lines could be attained. Yet in the more delicate matters of light and shade and subtlety of expression the present rendering is improved in all three points. In the passion of resentment at the Royal invasion of the prelate's rights and in its lofty dignity and bold impetuosity it is more than ever fine. The merciful tenderness of the scene in the bower is more touching, more suggestive of the pity blending with unwilling reproof of a human appreciation of the sin and its palliations, than was apparent before. In the mingled majesty and resignation of the final scene

there was no falling-off from the incomparable level of the last occasion on which we saw the play, but the word incomparable is still the appropriate word. Miss Ellen Terry was, even more than before, trustful and womanly. The love for the King, the solicitude for the child, were touching in their unrestrained earnestness, while in the combined meekness and gentle piety of the ending we were allowed once more a glimpse of Miss Terry's exquisite gift of showing what a true woman is. Of Miss Genevieve Ward's rendering of the jealous Queen all that is necessary has been said. Mr. Terriss's King possesses the same boisterous strength which has always distinguished it.

THE OLD THREE-DECKER.

And the three-volume novel is doomed.—Daily Paper.

FULL thirty foot she towered from waterline to rail—
It cost a watch to steer her and a week to shorten sail;

But, spite all modern notions, I found her first and best—
The only certain packet for the Islands of the Blest.

Fair held the Trade behind us, 'twas warm with lovers' prayers;
We'd stolen wills for ballast and a crew of missing heirs.
They shipped as Able Bastards till the Wicked Nurse confessed,
And they worked the old Three-Decker to the Islands of the Blest.

Carambas and serapes we waved to every wind,
We smoked good Corpo Bacco when our sweethearts proved unkind;
We'd maids of matchless beauty and parentage unguessed,
And a Church of England parson, for the Islands of the Blest.

We asked no social questions, we pumped no hidden shame;
We never talked obstetrics when the Little Stranger came;
We left the Lord in Heaven; we left the fiends in Hell;
We weren't exactly Yusufs but—Zuleika didn't tell!

And through the maddest welter and 'neath the wildest skies,
We'd pipe all hands to listen to the skipper's homilies;
For oft he'd back his topsle or moor in open sea
To draw a just reflection from a pirate on the lee.

No moral doubt assailed us, so when the port we neared
The Villain took his flogging at the gangway, and we cheered.
'Twas fiddle on the foc'sle—'twas garlands at the mast,
For every one got married, and I went ashore at last.

I left 'em all in couples a-kissing on the decks;
I left the lovers loving and the parents signing cheques—
In endless English comfort, by county-folk caressed,
I left the old Three-Decker at the Islands of the Blest.

That route is barred to steamers—you'll never lift again
Our purple, pictured headlands or the lordly keeps o' Spain.

They're just below the sky-line howe'er so far you cruise
In a ram-you-damn-you liner with a brace of kicking screws.

Swing round your aching search-light; 'twill show no haven's peace.

Ay, blow your shrieking sirens to the deaf, grey-bearded seas;

Boom out the dripping oil-bags and still the deep's unrest,
But you aren't one knot the nearer to the Islands of the Blest!

And when you're threshing crippled, with shattered bridge and rail,

At a drogue of dead convictions to hold you head to gale—

Calm as the *Flying Dutchman*, from truck to taffrail dressed,

You'll see the old Three-Decker for the Islands of the Blest.

You'll see her tiering canvas in sheeted silver spread,
You'll hear the long-drawn thunder 'neath her leaping figure-head;

While far, so far, above you her tall poop-lanterns shine,
Unvexed of wind or weather, like the candles round a shrine.

Hull down, hull down and under, she dwindles to a speck,
With noise of pleasant music and dancing on her deck.

All's well—all's well aboard her! She's dropped you far behind,

With an old-world scent of roses through the fog that ties you blind.

Her crew are babes and madmen! Her port is still to make?

You're manned by Truth and Science, and you steam for steaming's sake!

Well; tinker up your engines. You know your business best.

She's taking tired people to the Islands of the Blest.

REVIEWS.

LATIN PROSE VERSIONS.

Latin Prose Versions. Edited by George G. Ramsay, M.A., LL.D., Litt.D., Professor of Humanity in the University of Glasgow. Oxford: at the Clarendon Press. 1894.

WE have not often come across a book more fit to be edited by a Professor of one University and produced by the Press of another than the *Latin Prose Versions* which the Oxford Press has splendidly produced under the editorship of Professor Ramsay. It is doubtful whether any other publishing institution could or would have given such a book such an ushering into the world. We hardly know whether to hope for a frantic rush upon it at the circulating libraries which may bring large moneys to its devisers and executors, or a noble and aristocratic unpopularity which may leave Professor Ramsay and the Delegates enjoying that sense of superiority which Flaubert and other persons have said they felt in not being appreciated by the *bourgeois*. But, not to joke ineptly, the book is really welcome. It is produced in that handsome quarto form, on large paper and bound in quarter vellum and maroon cloth, which the Clarendon Press has already accorded to some favoured works; the print is sufficiently vouched for by the imprint; and, though we are half inclined to make our old insatiate demand for a little more top and left-hand margin, the page is set on the paper with notable justness and elegance. No sacrilegious knife has touched the edges; and, as the binding is stout as well as comely, there is no reason why the book should soon come within the danger of the priests of Cybele.

Of merely pretty books, however, there is no very great lack nowadays, whatever there may have been not so long ago; and there should be more joy over the contents than over the presentation. We had not, we confess, expected such an issue of a book devoted to what English tradition would simply call "Latin prose," though the special Scotch use of "version" is convenient and justifiable. For the volume is far too handsome and (though not in proportion) too costly for mere teaching use, and even for mere teaching use the demand must, we fear, have wofully fallen off of late. Few are now the colleges that stick to the once not uncommon habit of awarding one of each batch of scholarships mainly, if not solely, on the merits of a bit of "prose"; few are the men of leisure and letters who (though the habit of translating from Latin into English, and even that of translating from English into Latin, verse be not obsolete) keep up the practice of rendering English prose in Latin; while even in schools the constant pressure of more and more subjects, even without the corresponding effect of less and less University demand, must be having the natural effect. Besides, scholarship itself becomes more and more philological, less and less literary. And the letter killeth here more than anywhere else.

It is, therefore, cheering to find that Professor Ramsay has thought it worth while to arrange such a book, and has been able to collect so goodly a band of fellow-practitioners in the ancient ways around him. Some of them, alas! such as Professor Conington and Professor Nettleship and Mr. Shilleto, are no more with us, but are in case to utilize their skill in prose by giving once for all a correct and vivid description of asphodel. But the majority is a very much alive majority, and

it ranges from the Archbishop of Canterbury down to some quite recent graduates, through a list diversified and distinguished by men like the editor, Professors Butcher, Robinson Ellis, and Postgate, the Public Orators of Oxford and Cambridge, and many others. There are in all thirty contributors, and, taking dead and living together, they represent English scholarship of the last half of the nineteenth century very fairly indeed. And the result is, moreover, extremely interesting to those who have ever learnt, perhaps still more interesting to those who have ever taught, the curious, artificial, not quite easily to be paralleled, art of Latin prose. Artificial, we say, and if it should ever happen (which Mercury forbid!) that the last really expert practitioner of Latin prose shall perish, *qualis artifex quanta artis* will perish with him! It is, indeed, possible that the world at large will be conscious of no great loss. For the thing is, no doubt, in essence rather an exquisite game than a science—a quaint and cunning touchstone of taste rather than a nurse or a mouthpiece of genius. Its very origin was artificial, and, except Tacitus at the extreme end of even a liberal classical period, no man of letters of the very first rank furnished its examples. But by some odd combination of the historical moment and the national characteristic, a literary medium was produced which has had no parallel except (and that to a very inferior degree) in the French of the Louis Quatorze time. And by a still odder combination, this art, as far as prose is concerned, has never been resuscitated, except to a certain extent at the Renaissance, abroad, and to a much greater extent in England during the two last centuries. How the Romans of the late Republic and the early Empire elaborated, and how moderns have copied, the curious arbitrary mosaic of Latin classical style, differentiated as much in one way from the purely musical and logical arrangement of Greek as from the structure of the less inflected modern tongues, there would be no space to discuss here. But there is certainly something to be said for the opinion of those who hold that, for perfection of accomplishment in the strict sense—for finger-skill, so to speak—the writing of Latin prose has no superior among literary exercises.

In turning over these versions we note, and note without surprise, that the prevailing models and influences appear to have shifted a good deal of late. Half a century ago, much more earlier, Cicero would probably have reigned supreme, especially the Cicero of the Orations. Here, we think, Tacitus distinctly carries it, not merely as a definitely proposed pattern, but in the way of general and half-unconscious influence. Nobody can imitate Caesar; but some writers evidently would if they could, and are at worst very respectably Hirtian; while no fear of Patavinity seems to prevent the same or others from composing very decent Livy. There is at least one passage which, translating Chesterfield in an avowedly Sallustian mood, may be supposed to have aimed at Sallust; but Sallust is a very evasive hare to run. Where Cicero has still been obviously followed, it is for the most part the Cicero of the letters or of the philosophical works rather than he of the speeches. We say we are not surprised at this, for the greater consonance of the non-Ciceronian styles, or of Cicero out of the pulpit, with modern subjects and modern writing, is of course beyond doubt or dispute. Nor can we pretend very much to regret it.

It is a little invidious, and much more than a little difficult, to select an example or examples where so much is good, and so little, if anything, bad; not to mention that in the necessary plurality of styles one or two extracts would hardly show the book sufficiently. The editor has justified his position by a variety of excellence; and we have found no signature which more generally satisfies us in very different styles than that of Professor Butcher. A short passage of Alison (not much more than a respectable commonplace in itself, but not therefore the less suited to Latin) has been done in a masterly fashion by Mr. Margoliouth; as has Macaulay's character of Somers by Dr. Postgate. Mr. Montague Rendall has distinguished himself by attacking with conspicuous success rather out-of-the-way styles and subjects, and the last piece—a passage of Cowper—pleases us much; as do some others from Mr. Ruskin, from De Quincey, and others. The Archbishop shows that Canterbury can write much better Latin than Rome sometimes does; but we perceive that on these lines of criticism we shall be driven either into a tedious prolixity or an illiberal exclusion. So let us end with a few of those cavils without which criticism of such a book is mere writing about it and about it. Has Professor Ramsay quite given the full force of Dr. Primrose's pleasant remark as to the Devil, "by the best accounts I have of him," in *si quid ego veri auguror?* Latin does not lend itself very well to sly humour, but *nisi me celeberrimi fefellerint auctores*, or something of the kind, suggests itself. Professor Butcher, in Latinising Macaulay's description of Essex, has *cupide intuetur* for "to be deeply interested." But is not this

rather the equivalent for "to regard with active curiosity," without the nuance of "affectionate attention" which the English gives? One almost feels inclined to suggest *inhare* instead of *intueri*, though it is, perhaps, a little florid. In the Chesterfield passage above referred to we should have liked the final antithesis—"He would do mean things for profit, and never thought of doing great ones for glory"—more sharply worked up than in "et multa sane lucri causa sordida nihil unquam magnum propter gloriam ausus est." The Archbishop seems to have put the stress in the wrong place in rendering Merivale's remark on Cleopatra—"She could not forget that a wife's legitimate influence had once detained her lover from her side for more than two whole years"—*Apud uxorem optimo jure abfuisse*. There is no need of *optimo*; you rather want *quamvis*, or something of the kind; for a "legitimate" bond, though it had the danger of permanence, was more likely to repel than to attract Antony. So, again, in Mr. Arthur Sidgwick's rendering of Addison's criticism on Saint-Evremond's affectation of "appearing singular in his remarks, and making discoveries which had escaped the observation of others," *quod alii omiserint recludere* does not fully satisfy us. *Omitto* and *recludo* are not quite rightly opposed; for the former usually, if not always, means to neglect what is comparatively obvious, while *recludere* is to open up what was previously hidden. *Irreperta recludere*, if not too poetical, or *quod alii omiserint indagare*, though still not quite satisfactory, might be better.

This is rather Momus-work, however, and we only make some experiments in it—first, because it will show that the book has interested us to something more than the point of turning over the pages; and, secondly, because the fun of this game, as of others, is that each player should try to go better than those before him. To quibble over the equivalents for such extremely un-Latin expressions as "the chancery of dreams" would be merely unworthy. But let us mention, as one of the very best pieces in general, and as a capital example of the art of paraphrasing what is not translatable, Mr. Hardie's brilliant version from Erskine, which comes near the end. There is no lack of Cicero, and Cicero at his liveliest, here.

By an ingenious thought Professor Ramsay, describing them darkly as "specimens of a different style of Latin," has added some of the complimentary addresses sent to Trinity College, Dublin, on its tercentenary—amplissim, honestissim and ornatissim documents, as the Limousin scholar would say, furnished in the best manner for such purposes by himself, by the Public Orators of Oxford and Cambridge, and by divers other professors of, and proficient in, the rare and pleasing art of academic buccination. Truly if, after this, Dublin be still called the "silent sister," it is not because she has not been spoken to.

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The Prodigals and their Inheritance. By Mrs. Oliphant. 2 vols. London: Methuen & Co. 1894.
The Ban of Maplethorpe. By E. H. Dering. With a Memoir of the Author. London and Leamington: Art and Book Co. 1894.

THE African novel has almost developed into a branch of literature of its own. *With Edged Tools* is a brightly written specimen of this class of book. It is full of life from end to end, and character and romance are not made entirely subservient to adventure. Nor are the scenes laid entirely in Africa; many of them are in London, and the author writes as well about English life as African. The plot hangs upon the fact that two friends, travelling, fighting, and money-making together in Africa, were both engaged to be married, but that, "unfortunately, there was only one fond heart waiting for the couple of them at home." This eventually led up to a very pretty situation. We are informed that when these excellent men travelled in Central Africa "they could not afford to be merciful; their only safeguard was to pass through this country, leaving a track of blood and fire and dread

behind them." On one single journey, "two hundred times, the ring of" the "unerring rifle" of the hero's valet "sent some naked savage crawling into the brake to die." The description of the punishment of the villain is gruesome, ghastly, and nasty. Perhaps the best drawn character in the book is that of the hero's father, and there are several others with considerable individuality; moreover, considering the range of the story, there are not too many to be kept before the mind without effort.

Only a *Drummer-Boy* is a substantial volume of 262 pages, in the form of a novel, without a word of love-making, and it shows what may be done in the way of fiction without that generally supposed *sine qua non*. The adventures of this drummer-boy, simple as they are, carry one on from end to end without flagging or lagging, although the hero is never in action and never leaves England. It would be the very book for lads were the end less melancholy, and, even as it is, they may tolerate the sad death of the drummer-boy in consideration of the assurance that his murderers "were brought to justice."

The plot of *No Hero, but a Man*, is well conceived, and badly handled. Instead of increasing, the interest steadily diminishes, as the story progresses; and the book ends so gently that we scarcely realized that we had finished it until we found that there were no more pages to be read. The style is jerky and awkward; it gives one the impression of weariness in execution, and of writing for writing-sake; worse still, in the third volume, the author, apparently appalled at the flatness of her story, makes a desperate effort to throw a little life into it by introducing a chapter, not inaptly entitled "Phaugh!" intended to be funny, but in reality disagreeable. The characters throughout the novel rarely act as living people would be likely to act under the given circumstances; nor are they either attractive or interesting. In making these remarks we have no wish to disparage the literary powers of the author; but every book must be criticized on its own merits, and few are the writers who invariably produce their best work.

Irish wit is all very well in its way, but it palls after a time; and when we had reached the end of *The Real Charlotte* we had had more than enough of it. This book is the work of two authors; we suppose that one supplied the story and the other the jokes. The former is most unsatisfactory, indeed it can scarcely be said to begin until the second volume; and the latter, although amusing enough here and there, are too often of this type:—"Maybe he finds life's not worth living because of the liver." We venture to suggest that, in their next novel, the authors should call in a third coadjutor, in the shape of a judicious but determined expurgator of rubbish. It would be difficult to imagine more disagreeable people than the four leading characters in this story. Charlotte herself is an Irish lady, living at a place called Tally-ho Lodge, and her face is "warm and shiny." When a dog annoys her she says, "Get out, ye damned cur!" The hero is thus described on one occasion:—"Lambert had risen from the table and was trimming his nails with a pocket-knife, but out of the tail of his eye he was observing his visitor very closely." When he has very narrowly escaped drowning, the secondary heroine has the good taste to say to him, "The thought just came into my head of the look of Mrs. Lambert in a widow's cap and how she'd adore to wear one"; three pages later she tells him that he has told "a dirty, black lie," and one of her favourite adjectives is "scrumshous." The secondary hero is so violent a dancer that his partner is reduced to exclaiming, "Wouldn't you chassey now, please? if you twirl any more I think I'll die." The most aristocratic character is Lady Dysart—once more let us protest against the use of real titles in novels—and she describes herself as being "like a mad bull robbed of its whelps." Nothing could well be poorer or more miserable than the end of the story, which gives the reader to understand that everybody is to be unhappy for ever afterwards. Space forbids us to deal adequately with a ferret which went by the name of "Stinking Jemima," to expatiate upon the "agreeability" of one of the characters, or to count the number of times that cups of tea are mentioned in these three weary volumes.

Verdant Green's friend, Mr. Bouncer, used to fill his letters to his mother with extracts from a guide-book, and the author of *Henry Standon* appears to have acted, if not in the letter, at least in the spirit, upon this valuable hint. Here are a few gems taken at random:—"The ancient keep forms a picturesque object in the pleasure ground." "The castle stands in an extensive park, just outside which is the parish church," &c. "On entering, the visitor finds himself in a vestibule wherein Corinthian columns support the floor above," &c. "At the further end of the hall a marble staircase ascends to a spacious landing," &c. "About the hall hang family portraits," &c. These interesting details have no bearing whatever upon the story. Family histories also help

to fill these bulky volumes. Lord Lorneston's is given from the time of Edward III., and his wife's from that of Henry of Navarre. Yet space remains to give information as to the movements of the Upper Ten Thousand, and verily, to the bored and bewildered reader, there seem to be ten thousand characters in this novel. We are told that these people are staying at such a country-house, and those at another; that this man has come up to town, and that that man has left it; that the As are dining with the Bs, and the Cs with the Ds. By way of a few grains of salt to give a flavour to this mixture, there are some love-passages, licit and illicit, which are almost as like each other as grains of salt. "Will you be mine?" said Henry to Mildred. "Will you be mine?" he repeated, and his arm stole gently round her waist." And this is what Selby did to Helen. "Folding his arms round her, he pressed her to his bosom, while he covered her face with kisses." And what did Harvey do to Lucy? "Putting his arm round her waist, he drew her back where they could not be seen, and imprinted a long, loving kiss on her unresisting lips." Nor was there any very great variety in Charles's treatment of Isabel. "His arms were about her unresisting frame, his face came nearer, and, by an irresistible movement, their lips met."

The tendency of modern novel-writing is to plunge the reader into the dilemma as soon as possible, and to let the characters develop in the course of working themselves out of it. The author of *Sarah: a Survival* has adopted the directly opposite method of making his readers thoroughly and intimately acquainted with the characters before bringing them together. The first 115 pages of these two volumes describe the heroine and her family, the next fifty-eight the hero and his; and it is not till forty-four pages later still—in fact, within thirty-two pages of the end of the first volume—that the hero and heroine meet for the first time. After that they do not come across each other again for 127 pages, and, with the exception of some thirty pages describing their accidental meeting abroad as British tourists for a few hours, without even knowing each other's names, the real story, so far as the hero and heroine are concerned, does not begin until 380 of the total 536 pages have been read; and few are the novels—we are not forgetting Sir Walter Scott's—with such a lengthy preamble in proportion to their size, although we are bound to admit that not a little of the preambles is skilful of its kind. Never have we met with a novelist apparently so afraid of beginning—afraid, too, without cause; for, when once he starts, he gets on capably. There is considerable variety in the characters of *Sarah: a Survival*, and they are drawn with insight, force, and spirit; but when the author has obtained a good effect, he too often weakens it by prolixity of conversation and petty description. He succeeds in presenting a few powerful, if occasionally rather theatrical, scenes; but we venture to think that three death-beds are too many in a novel of the size of *Sarah: a Survival*.

It is obvious that everything may turn out as badly as it can; that the fools may be as foolish as is possible, and the wicked as wicked as is possible; that all the good people may be punished, and all the bad people may be rewarded. Such things occasionally happen in real life; but they do not afford very agreeable, very satisfactory, or particularly edifying reading. The story of *Mither O'Ryan* may be summarized in the familiar question and answer:—"What is wrong?—Everything is wrong." A combination of almost all imaginable untoward circumstances that could well be brought about by Irish Nationalism, Land-Leaguering, Boycotting, and agrarian crime is made to lead gradually up to about as evil an ending as could be devised for a tale. It is certainly relieved by a good deal that is amusing, and the Celtic character is exhibited with some power; yet the book, short as it is, drags a good deal owing to the unbroken monotony of its pessimism, and the humour of the otherwise excellent Irish dialogue is weakened by the writing of many English words in spelling which is little more than phonetic, such as "spontaynious," "expidishus," and so on; for even the sanguinary Saxon pronounces spontaneous and expeditious in much the same manner.

A rich and ugly woman, whose great fear is lest she should be married only for her wealth, and a poor man who loves her, but would rather die than live on his wife's money, are the heroine and hero in *The Rich Miss Riddell*. Few characters, perhaps, are more common in novels, nor has the author treated them with much originality. Little more can be said for her plot than for her characters. As to her scenes, that in the second chapter, in which a young Duke, who has only met the heroine for the first time, proposes to her, candidly admitting, on cross-examination, that he cannot pretend to love her at such short notice, and that he only wants to marry her for her money, puts a severe strain on the credulity of the reader. Another objection to the book is the difficulty of taking interest in a hero who is intolerably rude and ungracious to the heroine. If a poor man

objects to be a pensioner upon a rich wife, he need not marry one; but in refusing the kindly intentioned advances of an heiress there is no excuse for ingratitude and insolence. We criticize this novel very freely, because we always expect, and generally find, very good work from the pen of Miss Dorothea Gerard; we may say, however, that, if *The Rich Miss Riddell* is below her average, it is at least a simple, unpretentious, and easily read story.

Mrs. Oliphant almost uniformly produces more than passable novels, and *The Prodigals and their Inheritance* is a fair specimen of them. The story turns upon a will—a stupid will, an unfatherly will, and an ill-natured will—a will, moreover, which, like many others, has the effect of defeating the intentions of the testator. Mrs. Oliphant's law and the conduct of her lawyers form a delicate ground upon which we should fear to tread. The hero behaves in a very equivocal manner, shows lamentable want of judgment, and violates the code of good taste. The heroine is a weak fool; her father is a cruel snob; one of her brothers is a vulgar hound; the other is a feeble ass; and her sister-in-law is a very coarse and repulsive female. The only tolerable character in the book is a governess. The novel is essentially of the machine-made kind; the incidents work themselves with unfailing regularity into the conventional entanglement, and with equal regularity work themselves out of it.

When a posthumous novel is published little more than a year after the death of its author, perhaps the less said in criticism the better, more especially when, as in the case of *The Ban of Maplethorpe*, it was written during a period of failing health, and was finished only a few hours before his death actually took place, as we learn from the memoir which accompanies the story. Edward Heneage Dering was an ardent Roman Catholic and a strong Tory, and from such points of view he wrote his novels. He had lived, for the most part, in beautiful and interesting old houses, and he chose such houses for the scenes of his imagination. He was absolutely fearless of critics; and whether he ever for a moment reflected that there was what is called "a reading public," with tastes and demands varying with the times, is much to be doubted. But one thing is certain, that no man ever wrote novels from higher motives.

INDIA'S PRINCES.

India's Princes: Short Life-Sketches of the Native Rulers of India. By M. Griffith. London: W. H. Allen & Co. 1894.

WE most of us know the India of portentous blue-books, of profuse histories, of memoirs, of sporting adventures, of modern romances, and of Mr. Rudyard Kipling. The volume before us might be styled Pictorial India. We have no knowledge of the position of the author, nor as to her means of information about the manners and morals of the various chiefs whom she wishes to immortalize. Nor is it easy to see on what principle her selection has been made. Four princes are Rajputs and one is a Jat. Two are Sikhs. Three are Marathas. There are, further, the Maharaja of Kashmir, the Maharaja of Mysore or Maisur, the Begum of Bhopal, and the Nizam of Haiderabad. The list also comprises seven chiefs in the Bombay Presidency, Bhaunagar and Kolhapur, the Thakur of Morvi and the Thakur of Gondal, and from the very southernmost part of the peninsula comes the Maharaja of Travancore—a goodly company, in sooth, many of them well educated and loyal to the British Government. But why was no place found for the ruler of Nepal, for the Nawab of Bahawalpore, who comes after Pattiala and ranks third in the list of Panjab chiefs, and for the Rao of Cutch, the inhabitants of which country, says a high authority, from their isolated position, their peculiar dialect, and their strong personal attachment to their ruler, have more of a distinct nationality than those of any other Dependency in the Bombay Presidency? The book is really a selection from the vast number of feudatory, tributary, and protected Chiefs, and it is not easy to see why some have been included and others have been left out. The volume is profusely illustrated, with portraits of Rajas richly decorated, as if ready for a durbar, and with views of their palaces, forts, and capitals. To each is appended a history of the dynasty and a memoir of the incumbent of the throne. But it must be confessed that several of the biographies of deceased potentates are very dreary reading. By a very moderate study of Oriental politics we know what to expect. Uncles dispossess the rightful heir, and in turn themselves become exiles. A younger son murders his elder brothers and rules by capacity and might. There is frequent mention of poison, alternating with the dagger. And then there is the inevitable round of extravagance, profligacy, impoverishment of the country, and discontent of the subjects; followed, after repeated warnings, by

the intervention of the British Government. It is a very old story, familiar to us, with slight modifications, all over the East.

It is satisfactory to learn from Mrs. Griffith and from other trustworthy sources, that solid and lasting improvement has been effected within the last quarter of a century. Rajkumar Colleges or institutions for the education of princes have been established in different parts of India, at Ajmir, Bundelcund, Indore, and Rajkote. The College at Ajmir is due to Lord Mayo, who visited Rajputana in 1870, and it is bewildering to think that this statesman held a purely aristocratic college to be a necessity of State, and still more to know that Kumars or eldest sons, trained under the superintendence of English officials, learning English, and taught to ride, shoot, and play cricket, have proved themselves just and capable rulers of their little kingdoms. The land revenue is settled on principles which combine Asiatic usage and familiar tradition with British equity and modern improvements. There are annual Budgets in which very considerable assignments are apportioned for roads, bridges, irrigation, hospitals, and schools. Hindus and Muhammadans, fairly remunerated and with some knowledge of law and procedure, fill offices in the judicial, revenue, and educational departments. State railways have been constructed connecting marts and bazaars with each other or with the coast. The Gaekwar of Baroda has a yacht called the *Zingara*. Another chief has built a lighthouse at Mandvi. Pattiala boasts a female hospital, where the sex is attended to under all the privacy of the zenana. And, while Sati has been put down and cruel and revolting punishments have ceased, we hear of technical classes, industrial exhibitions, and horse and cattle shows. All this, of course, is highly satisfactory; but it is due, not to a loquacious Congress, but to the resolute and practical Englishman. Occasionally the old spirit is inclined to break out, and we are told of one young Chief whose enlightenment was so opposed to the feeling of his future subjects that soldiers guarded his chambers in college, and armed sentries stood round the cricket field, to prevent his being carried off to the jungles and hills, and making a serious vacancy in the Eleven.

Mrs. Griffith has not been very careful in the revision of the letterpress, and has committed other errors of her own. That Assaye was fought in 1830, and not in 1803; that Metcalf should lose its final *e*, and that Bunbir should be put for Runbir, are, no doubt, mistakes of the printer. But to write of the robber chief Sivagi, the founder of Maratha dynasties, as the "Napoleon of India" is absurd. Nor, again, ought Buddhism to be styled the most "ancient" religion in the world, though it may be one of the purest. That Hinduism, in some shape or other, is far older than Buddhism can scarcely at this day be doubted even by the most advanced critics. And where did Mrs. Griffith learn that Parasnath signifies the "Lord of Purity"? The Jain saint is properly Parashwanath, vulgarly Parasnath, and the first half of the word means a "curve" or a "side," and the second a ruler.

The most extraordinary perversion of Indian history occurs at p. 116, where Lord Wellesley is said to have taken "most unwarrantable and hostile measures against Scindia," to have "rejected his amicable proposals," and to have been actuated "by greed and ambition." Simple-minded Scindia had not been guilty of any breach of faith at all; had never intrigued; and had to purchase peace at the sacrifice of the best part of his territory. This is rather hard on Sir William Hunter and Mr. Hutton, the latter of whom has recently set out the high and honourable policy of Wellesley in a small compass and a very readable form. We are not concerned to vindicate the memory of a great statesman who, with astute Marathas, employed the only instruments which those robber chiefs would acknowledge. In the same disregard of facts Mrs. Griffith declares that after the battle of Delhi the British Government made the poor old blind Emperor a miserable prisoner. Any ordinary history of India would have told the author that the imprisonment of Shah Alum was due to the Marathas; and his release, substantial pension, and the respect and consideration paid him, were due to Lord Wellesley. Yet for all these extravagances the volume, well got up in other respects, may lie on drawing-room tables, as did the Keepsake or the Book of Beauty fifty years back.

VANISHING LONDON.

Vanishing London. By Roland W. Paul. Published by the Author, 3 Arundel Street, Strand. 1894.

MR. PAUL calls his book illustrations of "some old houses, &c., in London and Westminster." What the "&c." stands for we cannot say. It is put in, like Martin Chuzzlewit's "Co.," to see what it is like. All Mr. Paul's illustrations are of

old houses, and of nothing else. They are most charming and most suggestive. The charm is partly in the drawings, partly in the buildings from which they are taken. The suggestion is also twofold. These buildings are beautiful, but they are rapidly disappearing; and, secondly, the buildings which are taking their place are as ugly as possible, and their ugliness the lapse of a millennium will not temper. We talk of the progress of art at the present day; yet we cannot design buildings as they were designed in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. Mr. Paul gives some sketches of old houses in the Strand. Some old, but certainly not pretty, houses at the corner of Wellington Street are coming down, and every one knows that, by way of an addition to Chambers's Somerset House, something will be built on the site. We can only judge by the analogy of the National Gallery, and the excrescence which has grown up on its northern side, what the new building attached to Somerset House will be like. A similar example is in the addition to the Banqueting House at Whitehall. With the best example of the style before them, the architects employed there have deliberately set themselves to do something which will, if possible, spoil it. Perhaps the contrast between the new and the old may serve to enhance the old, but otherwise it is difficult to understand the object aimed at. The laws of our modern progressive highly trained artists in architecture are absolutely fixed. When a beautiful building is pulled down, put in its place the most hideous design you can devise. When a beautiful building is to be added to, put beside it what will spoil every view of it. To these rules there are no exceptions. It is meet and right that old and insanitary houses should be removed, however pretty. But it is still more meet and right, and our bounden duty, to insist that the new houses shall be at least as pretty as the old ones. There is only one reason why this is so seldom the case. Architectural education is almost wholly neglected. One section of the profession is haggling over percentages and the like. The other section is engaged in discussing questions of ornament, which is talked of seriously, as if any amount of ornament will make an ugly building ornamental.

Mr. Paul's letterpress is provokingly concise and brief. Here and there he has a little more to say, but for the most part his notes are of the shortest. His tone is melancholy throughout, and no wonder. "With the destruction of the remains of the house of Sir Paul Pindar in Bishopsgate Street," he observes, "and the houses on the south side of Great St. Helen's, the last of the old City residences of importance may be said to have disappeared." He notes the continued existence of Crosby Hall, "but in a much restored condition." It is curious to observe what a sinister signification the word "restored" has acquired of late years. Mr. Paul hopes his collection of drawings "may serve as a record of an interesting period in the street architecture of London." We can but echo this wish, and add another to it. We hope Mr. Paul will be so much encouraged by the reception accorded to this volume that it may be followed by more. There are still vanishing houses undrawn in many places. Bloomsbury is neither London nor Westminster, yet about Queen Square there are still a few pretty "bits" waiting to be sketched. Mr. Norman has done what he could for old Southwark, but has Mr. Paul visited the "vanishing" hall doors of St. Laurence Pountney Hill? There is a beautiful, but unsketched, doorway in the garden of Staple Inn, designed in what was thought to be the Gothic style in the middle of the eighteenth century, and for some reason, perhaps its delicate proportions, very superior to a majority of the modern Gothic doorways.

Mr. Paul commences with three beautiful drawings of Emmanuel College, Westminster, which has just vanished. Why have we not a sketch of the school close by which is on the point of vanishing? Some doorways in Grosvenor Road, Buckingham Street, Holborn, and Lincoln's Inn Fields follow, and views of four houses in the Strand. Clement's Inn and Lincoln's Inn are also illustrated, and there are some sketches in the Temple. Austin Friars and Aldgate, Barnard's Inn, Norfolk Street, Fetter Lane, and Wych Street supply other examples, and it would be very difficult to say which of the forty-four drawings is the most picturesque. As we have remarked, Mr. Paul's notes are hardly long enough, but there is no fault to be found with his lovely and interesting drawings.

THE BOOK OF LLAN DÂV.

The Text of the Book of Llan Dâv. Reproduced from the Gwysaney Manuscript by J. Gwenogvryn Evans, Honorary M.A. Oxon. With the co-operation of John Rhys, M.A., Professor of Celtic in the University of Oxford. Oxford: Issued to Subscribers only. M.D.CCC.XCIII.

THIS edition of the *Liber Landavensis*, the chartulary and history of the Church of Llandaff, is an *édition de luxe* as a scholar may be supposed to understand the term. On the back

of the title-page we are informed, in the style of an ancient colophon, that the book is "Imprinted at Gloucester, in the Eastgate, by me John Bellows"; and the paper and type are of an excellence which makes one long to have more books "imprinted" after this fashion. The imprinting is stated to be "at the expense of J. Gwenogvryn Evans, M.A.," though he himself in the preface says, "To the Marquess of Bute the subscribers are indebted for the expensive manner in which the book has been 'got up.'" A fund raised as a memorial of the late Mr. J. A. Corbett has supplied the autotype facsimiles; and Mr. Bellows, taking a personal and not merely a professional interest in the work, "has cut, at his own expense, many of the large capitals," which are varied in form so as to indicate the original colouring with red or with yellow, or both. Contractions in the MS. have been expanded, but not by the customary method of adding italics, the patchy effect of which is, as Mr. Evans truly says, "injurious as well as offensive to the sight." An improved method has therefore been devised for marking the expansion of contractions, "that of simply underdotted the ordinary types" with very small dots. As mention is made of the special care with which the underdotted types had to be cut, we fear that the improvement may be too costly for general adoption.

The twelfth-century "Gwysaney MS." of the *Liber Landavensis* is here "for the first time reproduced diplomatically," to quote the technical language of the preface. The edition published in 1840 for the Welsh MSS. Society was based, not upon the Gwysaney MS., which was then believed or assumed to be missing, but upon later transcripts. The story of the fortunes of the precious Llandaff-Selden-Trawscod-Llanerch-Owston-Gwysaney MS.—to give it all the various names by which it has been known—is not without interest. Though copies were taken from time to time, it is clear, from the entries of the successive bishops, that until 1619 the *Liber Landavensis* can never have been long absent from its proper abode in the archives of Llandaff. But Bishop Theophilus Field, some time between his consecration at Llandaff in 1619 and his translation to the see of St. David's in 1627, lent the MS. to Selden, in whose library it was found at his death in 1654. It is urged, as some excuse for him, that the proper owners, the Bishop and Chapter of Llandaff, were by that time abolished—so far as Ordinances of the Long Parliament could abolish them; and, though it cannot be denied that Selden had had ample time to return the MS. while there was still a Bishop of Llandaff, he was perhaps "guilty of nothing worse than procrastination, a common failing with the borrower of books." Another suggestion is that Selden had the MS. copied, and that the Llandaff people were content to give or sell the original upon receiving the transcript in exchange. However this may have been, the MS. is next heard of in the keeping of one of Selden's executors, Mr. (afterwards Sir) John Vaughan of Trawscod, who, at the earnest request of Robert Vaughan of Hengwrt, Merionethshire, lent it to him to copy. John Vaughan, when making arrangements about lending the MS., writes that "it now belongs to the publique library at Oxford, where Mr. Selden's whole library is bestowed"; and that he is "required to take caution for the restitution by bond." But, before it could be returned, Church and King had their own again, and there being once more a Bishop and Chapter of Llandaff, the MS. should by rights have reverted to them. As a matter of fact, neither they nor the Bodleian got it. It next turns up in the possession of a grandson-in-law of Sir John Vaughan, Robert Davies of Llanerch, who has left his mark in the form of an inscription in small brass nails on the front cover of the MS.—"Librum hunc temporis injurias passum novantiquo tegmine munire curavit R. D. 1696." It stayed in the Davies family till the male line died out, and, in 1792, the Welsh estates were divided by Act of Parliament between two sisters. The library was divided at the same time, not, if family tradition is to be relied on, in a manner that would recommend itself to intelligent book-lovers. When a work was in two volumes, one heiress took Vol. I. and the other Vol. II.; "but apparently in the case of single volumes and of the MSS. (including the *Liber Landavensis*) they were placed in a scale—some in one end, and some in the other." Anyhow, the *Liber Landavensis* went, along with Gwysaney, to Mary Davies, who married Philip Puleston of Havod y Wern, co. Denbigh. Their only child married Bryan Cooke of Owston in Yorkshire, M.P. for Malton, "whose grandson and heir, Philip Bryan Davies-Cooke, Esq., of Gwysaney and Owston, is accordingly the present most careful and courteous owner of the never really missing MS."

The Book of Llandaff is bound up together with a philosophical treatise and a Latin version of the first Gospel, the whole in strong oak boards, having on one side a seated bronze figure in high relief, supposed by Mr. Haddan to represent Our Lord, and by others Saint Teilo, Archbishop of Llandaff (so styled) in the

sixth century. A representation of this strange archaic figure forms the frontispiece to this volume, so that readers may judge for themselves. As to the author or compiler of the work, the editor's theory is that "the Book of Llan Dâv proper," as distinguished from the "Miscellanea" in later handwritings—that is, the part beginning "Deprimo statu landauenfis ecclesie," and breaking off at the year 1107—is the work of the well-known Geoffrey of Monmouth, who was the nephew of Bishop Uchtryd of Llandaff. Geoffrey died suddenly while attending Mass in 1154—a fact which might explain the unfinished state of the MS. Mr. Evans casts aside the argument that the *Liber Landavensis* must needs be earlier than Geoffrey of Monmouth because it is free from legends about Geoffrey's great hero, King Arthur. Geoffrey (so he, in effect, argues, though the wording is ours) was not a mediæval Mr. Dick, and was perfectly capable of keeping King Arthur out of his memorial. Into this question of authorship we will not enter further than to mention Mr. Evans's hope that some "competent student of Mediæval Latin" will set to work upon a comparison of the style and language of Geoffrey's *Historia Regum Britannie* with those of the Life of Saint Teilo in the *Liber Landavensis*. The Llandaff author, whoever he was, had considerable literary faculty; in fact, Mr. Evans, with an editor's enthusiasm, considers that some of his passages "exhibit the consummate literary artist." Some genuine tradition is probably preserved in the striking description, to which Mr. Evans calls attention, of the deadly "Yellow Pestilence" of the sixth century making its appearance as a column of watery cloud, and sweeping through the country as a shower drives through the valleys. Like most Church historians of mediæval times, the author wrote "with a purpose," and had no mean skill in colouring his history or his legends in the interests of the Church and See of Llandaff. But the chief value of his work now lies in the early documents which he preserved—documents not indeed always of their professed dates, but at least of the tenth or even the ninth century, and in the statements of the boundaries of the Church lands. "It containeth," as Robert Vaughan wrote in 1654, "many ancient charters and donations of lands bestowed upon the see and the bishops thereof, whose meares and bounds are therein written in the ancient British tongue, which now few can understand and truly write out." This difficulty still continuing, Mr. Evans, with the assistance of Professor Rhys, has appended translations "of those boundaries which are defined in Welsh," and has added in the index "the modern forms of the ancient names of places and streams, wherever these have been identified." Of the difficulties of this last task he speaks feelingly. "It is not how much time it takes to make your identifications, but how much fruitless labour you spend on those places which baffle your inquiries. Frequently nothing but old charters can solve difficulties; still, there are numerous cases where the native of the district specified, and he alone, can give the information wanted." To those who have local knowledge he appeals to interest themselves in the matter, so that the process of identification may be carried far enough to render it possible to construct a map of the diocese as it stood under Bishop Urban in the twelfth century. We must not conclude without mentioning the facsimiles and extracts, in mingled Latin and Welsh, from the "Book of Saint Chad," now at Lichfield—a copy of the Old Latin Gospels, written in Ireland probably before 700, bought by "Gelhi, the son of Arihtiad," with "his best horse," and offered by him on the altar of Saint Teilo. During its stay at Llandaff marginal and other entries were made in it, most of which Mr. Evans appears to have made out, though under disadvantages as to light and time. In short, the editor seems to have spared no pains to render this edition as complete as possible, and to do justice to this venerable relic of early Wales.

FOX, JAMES, AND AMERIGO VESPUCCI.

The Voyages of Captain Luke Foxe of Hull, and Captain Thomas James of Bristol, in search of a North-West Passage in 1631-32; with Narratives of the earlier North-West Voyages of Frobisher, Davis, Weymouth, Hull, Knight, Hudson, Button, Gibbons, Bylot, Baffin, Haackridge, and others. Edited, with Notes and an Introduction, by Miller Christy, F.L.S. 2 vols. London: Hakluyt Society. 1894.

The Letters of Amerigo Vespucci, and other Documents illustrative of his Career. Translated, with Notes and an Introduction, by Clements R. Markham, C.B., F.R.S., President of the Hakluyt Society. London: Hakluyt Society. 1894.

CAPTAIN LUKE FOXE, commonly called North-West Foxe, added something to what was known in his day of the form of Hudson's Bay, and wrote—under the name of "The North-West Fox," or Fox from the North-West, without an "e"—a record of his discovery which is one of the most readable of the, with reverence be it said, some-

what monotonous records of Arctic adventure. The Hakluyt Society has done well to republish his book, which is dear and scarce. It has also done not ill to add the account of the contemporary, and in a friendly way rival, voyage of Captain Thomas James. Neither James nor his book can be allowed to rank with North-West Foxe, for reasons which we will give further on; but "The Strange and Dangerous Voyage" is worth reprinting, partly on the ground of its reputation, partly for the excellent foil it supplies to North-West Foxe, a little for its intrinsic merits, and a very little because it is supposed to have helped Coleridge to the matter of *The Ancient Mariner*. This last is also the least of the reasons. Much good effort and ingenuity have been wasted in proving that Coleridge used "The Strange and Dangerous Voyage." When the arguments in support of this proposition, which in itself is credible enough, come to be looked into they amount to this—that James was a Bristol man, and Coleridge often in that city at one period of his life, that there is a good deal about ice and snow in *The Ancient Mariner*, and that therefore it is highly probable that the poet read the sailor's book. We are not profoundly impressed by the force of this reasoning, nor does it appear to us to be of much moment that there was, as has been thoughtfully pointed out, no copy of James in the Bristol Library when Coleridge was living there. "The Strange and Dangerous Voyage" has been reproduced in several collections of travels, and was easily accessible. Coleridge, who read everything which came in his way, may have read this also. If he did, and this is our chief reason for thinking little of the inquiry, it did not matter. The mere grain of mustard seed from which *The Ancient Mariner* grew is to be found in Shelvocke's voyage, in the very brief passage about the gloomy imaginings of the sailing-master concerning the albatross which hung about the ship in the Straits of Le Maire. Coleridge could have found details about the ice and cold, which are after all a very unimportant part of *The Ancient Mariner*, in a hundred places.

The two books are reproduced here with a copious critical apparatus by Mr. Miller Christy. The apparatus is even a trifle too copious. No purpose beyond the swelling of the book is served by reproducing some notes of statements made by the survivors of the cowardly rascals who deserted Hudson. They add nothing to what was already known, are rough and uninteresting in themselves, and have no merit we can see beyond this—that they were only discovered the other day. Their publication here is mainly a sign of the extraordinary extent to which some among us carry their respect for whatever our wiser ancestors did not think worth printing. Mr. Christy, too, appears to have been surprised by a good many things which ought to have been no novelty to any one competent to edit a seventeenth-century book. He is puzzled by the word "staddles," he carefully explains in a note that "painful" had the sense of "painstaking," and even devotes another note to telling us that a man may be "starved" by cold as well as by hunger. Does any mortal doubt it? He assures us, in his preface, that he has never added words to the original without putting them between square brackets, which is very proper. But our complaint is that there are more words between brackets than are necessary. Once we notice one where it is unquestionably wrong. Foxe says, "Nay I may avouch that if this course had been taken and private ends had been wanting that since Mr. Hudson his first voyage 1610, the Passage had been sailed through before 1618," &c. This is perfectly clear. Foxe means, as everybody with an elementary knowledge of the English of the day before yesterday ought to be aware, "if private interests had been absent or neglected." Mr. Christy inserts a [not] before wanting, and thereby makes the old navigator say exactly the contrary of what he obviously meant. Even when these interpolations are not wrong they are commonly superfluous, and serve only to water down the old English to a modern level. But Mr. Christy fails entirely to convince us that he has any general literary knowledge of the English of the time in which Foxe wrote, and from some of his statements it appears tolerably clear that his ideas as to the nature of the criticism of style and language are exceedingly confused. "His (i.e. Foxe's) style," says Mr. Christy, "is so faulty, that it is scarcely correct to speak of it as a 'style' at all; for his punctuation is extremely defective. His spelling is bad, even for the period; whilst his diction is ill chosen and often slangy. As a natural consequence of these defects, Foxe's sentences are often so confused as to be almost, and sometimes quite, incomprehensible. In addition, we meet in the narrative with a constant straining after far-fetched witticisms." If these principles are to carry it, which of the great writers of the earlier and middle seventeenth century shall escape whipping? All these defects were common to the time. But this note appended to the words about Foxe's bad spelling gives us the measure of

Mr. Christy's competence as an editor of seventeenth-century English:—"Thus, *to lay to hull*, always appears *to lay to Hull*, which Foxe perhaps intended as a play on the name of his native place, while *off* stands for *of*, then for *than*, too for *to*," &c. &c.

At the same time it would be most unjust not to acknowledge the industry with which Mr. Christy has hunted up all the little that was discoverable concerning both Foxe and James, the care he has taken to explain what needs explanation, the candour with which he has had recourse to Professor Skeat and Captain Wharton when in doubt as to a word or nautical matter, and the punctuality he shows in acknowledging his obligations.

The two narratives are in themselves well worth reading, if only for the curious contrast between the men. Both sailed in 1631 with identical instructions to discover whether the hoped-for North-West Passage did not lead out of Hudson's Bay. Foxe sailed in a King's ship, the *Charles* from London, James in a vessel named the *Henrietta Maria*, supplied by the Fellowship of Merchant Venturers of Bristol. Foxe, a seaman from his boyhood, and sure of his own skill, tried hard to obtain subordinates who had been on North-West voyages, and failed to find one. He had a lazy, unwilling sailing-master, and a mate who was no better, foisted on him by the Admiralty. James, who belonged to a moneyed family at Bristol, was expert in the mathematic part of a sailor's business. He had the free choice of his crew and many offers from men of experience in this kind of voyage, "but," he says, "I utterly refused them all, and would by no means have any with me that had bin in the like voyage or adventures for some private reasons unnecessary here to be related." We agree with Mr. Christy in thinking that the private reasons would not bear stating, being neither more nor less than Captain James's dislike to have anybody in the ship who knew more than himself. The doings of the two men were consistent with their beginnings. Foxe explored new coasts, proved that there was no North-West passage from Hudson's Bay, sailed further than any man had done before in spite of his grumbling and lazy master, brought back ship and crew at the end of summer safe and sound. James blundered on to every shoal and iceberg he met, smashed his tackle, and lost part of his crew, wintered most unnecessarily at Port Nelson, and came back next year, having done as good as nothing. Foxe was sneered at for not wintering to no purpose, and James applauded for his heroism in doing what he ought never to have done. Indeed, the Bristol captain's one idea seems to have been that he must winter just to show that he was in earnest. Mr. Christy and others have made much of Foxe's flouts at his rival, and the inferiority of his manners to the gentlemanly Captain James. On this we have two remarks to make. Foxe wrote when sore at the unjust blame cast on himself, and the "gentlemanhood" of Captain James was of the deplorable kind which is betwixt and between. There was enough of it to deprive him of the natural hardihood of such a real seaman as Foxe, but not enough to give him the "light stoicism" which Carlyle admired in the thoroughly well-bred man. His narrative is full of the horrors and sufferings of his voyage, which sound much exaggerated when one remembers that many of them were endured in the very sea and season through which Foxe took the *Charles* uninjured. He listened a great deal too much to himself. Foxe had, for his part, that capacity for cooking collops which is more essential to the cook than respectability. Saving the reverence of Mr. Christy and Sir John Barrow, he had a style; with all his defects in the mechanic part of writing, very common in his time, he could see for himself and make us see. There was in him a manly cheerfulness, a stout-hearted indifference to the danger, and the short commons which were all in the day's work, that one looks at with pleasure. His very vanity was of the Nelsonian or peacock kind, the exuberance of real vigour, which is much better than the gander order of vanity that shirks comparison with real competence. There is a pith and colour in his writing which put it into a wholly different class to the more "gentlemanly," but rather watery, prose of Captain Thomas James, though the Bristol man was certainly the more generally accomplished man of the two, and could even write rather nice verse.

Mr. Clements R. Markham's edition and translation of the *Letters of Amerigo Vespucci* has been called out by a recent revival of attempts to rehabilitate the plausible Florentine. Mr. Markham's own opinion is that which was held by Las Casas, and remained almost universal till Varnhagen set about whitewashing Vespucci—namely, that he was a lying scamp. The opinion a man's contemporaries had of him is once more shown to be right. Nobody, we think, can doubt, after reading these letters and Mr. Markham's elucidations, that Las Casas had taken the measure of the man quite fairly. His accounts

of his supposed feats are full of internal evidence of falsity, and the direct external evidence against them is overwhelming. He has been hoisted into notoriety by sheer accident. If Waldzeemüller had not seen his letter to King René, had not sportively suggested that the *Mundus Novus* should bear the feminine form of his Christian name, and if the world had not taken the suggestion, Amerigo Vespucci would have been forgotten long ago. It is unnecessary to apply the big whip to Amerigo. He probably did not mean to do Columbus or any other man much harm, but only saw a chance of tarradiddling himself into a place with a pension by telling Piero Soderini fibs about his imaginary voyages. There is something rather ironical, as showing how much luck and how little wisdom and good taste rule the world, in the fact that America should have been christened out of the fictitious autobiography of such a romancing scamp. Some, to be sure, may see a certain consistency.

THE HISTORICAL GEOGRAPHY OF THE HOLY LAND.

The Historical Geography of the Holy Land. By George Adam Smith, D.D., Professor of Hebrew and Old Testament Exegesis, Free Church College, Glasgow. London: Hodder & Stoughton. 1894.

THE author in his preface very truly remarks that there are many ways of writing a Geography of Palestine, and of illustrating its History by the Land, but that some of these ways are wearisome and some are vain. What is needed, he goes on to say, is as follows:—Some idea of the outlines of the country; its shape and disposition; its climate; its colours, lights, and shades; perception from the "lie of the land" how history came to take certain lines. All this is perfectly true; and it is well said: it is necessary to say it again and again; but it has been said already a good many times. Robinson took the same line, but failed to produce the effect he desired, partly from a want of imagination and partly from imperfect knowledge of the country. Stanley took the same line and succeeded, above and beyond any of those who preceded him, simply because he knew how to make his imagination supply the defects of his knowledge. Dr. Tristram has taken the same line, as have De Vogüé and Conder, the last of whom brought to his work, for the first time, an accurate and exact knowledge of the "lie of the land," surveyed by himself and his assistants, foot by foot; he also brought, if not the glowing imagination of Stanley, yet an imagination capable of substituting for the ruins of the present the splendours of the past, and of realizing the connexion of history and geography. His book, *Tent Work in Palestine*, remains, in many respects, the very best book ever written on the subject, the book which most readily and most rapidly makes the intelligent reader understand the country, and why certain things had to take place in the way described, owing to rocks and rivers, valleys and great mountains.

Professor Smith's book is not based upon Major Conder's, nor would it be fair to the soldier to compare his book with that of the scholar; but it is built on the same lines. He brings to his work the same exact geography, with the heights and depths, the streams and fountains, the site of the ruins and the modern names. All this he gets from the Survey Maps published by the Palestine Exploration Fund; and it is fair to say that he readily acknowledges his obligations. But he also brings to the work a mass of personal observations, gathered from two journeys in Eastern as well as Western Palestine. Personal observations, especially on the lie of country, on climate, and on colouring, are always far more valuable than those at second hand. He has also used freely the very valuable papers of Clermont Ganneau, Waddington, Renan, and other Frenchmen who have worked in the field of Syrian archaeology; the work of the Germans, represented by Socin, Guthe, and others of the *Deutsches Palästina-Verein*, which, he says, "takes the form of a scientific treatment of the geography in the light of Biblical criticism"—it reads as if the mountain must shape itself and the course of the valley must run to suit the opinion of the latest German critic. One significant omission we notice. There is a Russian Society for the Exploration of the Holy Land; its *Transactions* are published periodically. No one can ever be found who knows Russian. It may, therefore, be stated boldly that no one in this country or in America knows anything of what the Russians have been doing in Syria, or what they have discovered. It is surely time that some competent Russian scholar should be invited to read through the rapidly lengthening series of the Russian Journals, and report upon them, if not to translate them. The flood of light which has been poured upon the topography, the meteorology, the customs, the traditions, legends, folklore of the fellahs by Chaplin, Schumacher, Hermann, Post, and Bliss; the sidelights thrown by the Assyrian and Egyptian studies; the recent researches into the Roman and Greek periods; the publication of

the Pilgrimages by the Palestine Pilgrim Text Society, whose books have been reviewed in these columns; the admirable work of Mr. Guy le Strange on Moslem Palestine; the French collections of Crusading Histories—all these new books and new discoveries not only help to equip Professor Smith for his task more thoroughly than has ever been possible before, but they have been calling loudly for such a book as this, and they demand for its execution the hand of a scholar who has grasped the whole of the modern advance. Between Stanley in 1864 and Professor Smith of 1894 how vast a literature of Oriental research! What a wealth of discovery has sprung into existence!

It is impossible, in considering such a book as the one before us, to avoid some such preliminary explanations and considerations as these. It is impossible to do justice to such a work without referring to what has gone before. All previous writers except Stanley have just given to the subject—themselves: the result of their own studies and their individual researches. Stanley, in addition, used Robinson, Burckhardt, and the trusty Reland. Professor Smith, who presents not only himself and his own researches but those of everybody else—alas! those unrepresented Russians!—advances at the head of the most goodly company ever seen to lay his treasures at our feet.

The work is divided into (1) the Land as a whole; (2) Western Palestine; (3) Eastern Palestine. The first division treats, among other things, of the place of Syria in history; the scenery in connexion with the poetry, and the land in connexion with its faith. One turns with some curiosity to the last of these divisions. What is the connexion—what are the limits of the connexion—of geography with the history as related in the Bible? That one finds, for instance, the lists in the Book of Joshua to represent real towns following in the order there given does not certainly prove the truth of the history; the fact only illustrates the history; a mendacious person, knowing the country, might have written these lists in a forged history. All that geography can do is to show whether or not the situations were possible at the time to which they were assigned:—

‘But if on all such questions of date, authorship, and accuracy of historical detail, we must be content to admit that geography has not much more to contribute than a proof of the possibility of certain solutions, it is very different when we rise to the higher matters of the religion of Israel, to the story of its origin and development, to the appearance of monotheism, and to the question of the supernatural. On these the testimony of the historical geography of the Holy Land is high and clear.

‘For instance, to whatever date we assign the Book of Deuteronomy, no one who knows the physical constitution of Palestine, and her relation to the great desert, can fail to feel the essential truthfulness of the conception, which rules in that book, of Israel's entrance into the land as at once a rise in civilization from the nomadic to the agricultural stage of life, and a fall in religion from a faith which the desert kept simple to the rank and sensuous polytheism that was provoked by the natural variety of the Paradise west of Jordan. Or take another most critical stage of Israel's education: no one can appreciate the prophets' magnificent mastery of the historical forces of their time, or the wisdom of their advice to their people, who has not studied the relations of Syria to Egypt and Mesopotamia or the lines across her of the campaigns of these powers.’

There is a good deal more to the same effect, soberly urged from the orthodox point of view.

What, next, are the distinctive features of the book, regarded as a new geography? First, as we have already stated, the gathering into one volume of all ancient and modern research. As to other points, let us consider the treatment of one branch in the second division of the work. For our purpose the chapter on the Philistines and their cities seems the readiest to hand. Who were the Philistines first of all? Their name, it is thought, is connected with the word *falash*, a Semitic root—“to migrate.” They were the Immigrants. Where did they come from? The Prophet Amos gives the answer. “O children of Israel, saith Jehovah, have I not brought up Israel out of the land of Egypt and the Philistines from Kapthor and the Syrians from Kir? The Kapthorim which came forth from Kapthor, destroyed the Avim which dwelt in open villages as far as Gaza, and dwelt in their stead.” Where was Kapthor? Probably Crete. But the Philistines were a Semitic folk. What were Semites doing in Crete? Why did they leave it? When did they leave it? What kind of people were they? All these questions belong to a geography of this kind. What answers could most, even among students, give to these questions? It is not too much to say that the pages devoted to this mysterious people present them even to those who rightly call themselves scholars with a new reality and a

new character. Their place in history and their functions seem to be intelligible for the first time:—

‘We cannot have followed this history without being struck by the strange parallel which it affords to the history of Israel—the strange parallel and the stranger difference. Both Philistines and Hebrews were immigrants into the land for whose possession they fought through centuries. Both came up to it from Egypt. Both absorbed the populations they found upon it. Both succeeded to the Canaanite civilization, and came under the fascination of the Canaanite religion. Each people had a distinctive character of its own, and both were at different periods so victorious that either, humanly speaking, might have swallowed up the other. Indeed, so fully was the Philistine identified with the land that his name has for ever become its name—a distinction which Israel never reached. Yet Israel survived and the Philistine disappeared. Israel attained to a destiny, equalled in the history of mankind only by Greece and Rome, whereas all the fame of the Philistine lies in having served as a foil to the genius of the Hebrews, and to-day his name against theirs is the symbol of impenetrableness and obscurantism.’

It is not often that we have to review a book so thorough and so masterly, and at the same time written in a style which commands attention as well as admiration. We have not cared to examine into an identification here or a conclusion there—indeed, the above-mentioned migration of the Philistines from Crete rests upon two or three conclusions, each of which might be, and has been, disputed. The main fact remains that here is a new Geography of Palestine, of a kind not attempted since Stanley's book, with his slender materials; that it contains and “uses” the important parts of all the immense mass of modern research and discovery, enriched and illuminated by a mind of imagination and poetry, as well as scholarship.

ENGINEERING BOOKS.

Engineering Construction in Iron, Steel, and Timber. By William Henry Warren, Challis Professor of Civil and Mechanical Engineering, University of Sydney. London: Longmans, Green, & Co. 1894.

Theory of Structures and Strength of Materials. By Henry T. Bovey M.A., D.C.L., Professor of Civil Engineering and Applied Mechanics, McGill University, Montreal; late Fellow of Queens' College, Cambridge. New York: John Wiley & Sons.

A Text-book on Gas, Oil, and Air Engines. By Bryan Donkin, Jun., M.I.C.E. London: Charles Griffin & Co., Lim. 1894.

British Locomotives: their History, Construction, and Modern Development. By C. J. Bowen Cooke, Outdoor Assistant London and North-Western Railway Locomotive Department. London: Whittaker & Co.

A Manual of Telephony. By W. H. Preece, F.R.S., Engineer-in-Chief and Electrician, General Post Office, and Arthur J. Stubbs, Technical Officer, General Post Office. London: Whittaker & Co.

The Principles of Fitting. By a Foreman Pattern-Maker. London: Whittaker & Co.

THE higher teaching of engineering gains ground rapidly. On one hand, the Universities and University colleges are coming more and more to regard it as proper matter for their efforts. They are giving engineering a recognized place in the curriculum for degrees, and are doing their best to make teaching in the subject effective and attractive, by providing costly engineering laboratories. On the other hand, the clever boy who has a turn for mechanics is no longer sent, as he used to be sent, straight from school into the workshop or into the office of an engineer in practice, to spend an apprenticeship of half a dozen years or so in picking up such crumbs of professional knowledge as fall from the master's table. The struggle for professional existence is now too keen to give a young man much chance if he is trained on the old rule-of-thumb lines. He must still gain a knowledge of practice at first hand, but he does not try to do this until he has made acquaintance with the scientific side of engineering in the lecture-room and the laboratory, after which a shorter time in the workshop suffices to turn out a better product. It is because people have come to see not merely that the new plan is an improvement on the old one, but that in view of the altered condition of professional life the old plan will not now do at all, that the classes are filled, if not crowded, at Universities and colleges where the application of science to engineering is systematically taught.

The same cause is promoting the publication of engineering text-books of the better sort. While in former days the student had only his Rankine, he now has a choice of writers—none, indeed, so good as Rankine—but some that are more intelligible to an average man, more special, and, of course, more modern. The subject has itself advanced far enough since Rankine's day to require fresh treatment; and parts of it, at least, may easily be presented in ways better suited to the half-trained intelligence even of a pupil of the better sort. In the work of writing new text-books the engineering professors naturally take a large

share. It is evidence that the colonies are not behind the mother-country in seeking to secure a scientific education for their engineers that our list includes two important works by colonial professors of engineering.

The treatise on *Engineering Construction in Iron, Steel, and Timber*, by Professor Warren, of the University of Sydney, is intended, the author states, to be useful not only to engineering students in technical colleges and Universities, but also to those engaged in the design of structures in iron and steel. It will, we think, be found that the author has succeeded in carrying out this double purpose. He relies mainly on detailed examples for the purpose of illustrating the principles and practice of construction; the general statement of theory is brief, and a large part of the work consists of an account of selected cases with full arithmetical calculations and working drawings on a reduced scale. This is an excellent feature, which will make the book of distinct service to engineers in practice as well as to students. The methods by which the stresses in structures are calculated are clearly stated, and the treatment of beams contains a judicious blend of graphical and analytical process. The scope of the book is a little less wide than that of its title, for it deals only with bridges, roofs, and columns, and passes by other cases, interesting to the mechanical engineer, in which considerations of strength and elasticity are the dominating factors in the design. It is mainly, indeed, a treatise on bridge work; and this subject is so thoroughly treated, and with such a wealth of useful detail, that the book must prove a useful addition to the engineer's library. An introductory chapter on the strength and elasticity of materials, treated on the experimental side, is perhaps the least satisfactory portion of the work. It is thin and inadequate, and displays, moreover, a quite curious inaccuracy in the citing of authorities. The Nestor of testing, Mr. David Kirdaldy, appears sometimes in his proper form, and sometimes as Kirkaldie. Mr. Wicksteed, the designer of a well-known form of testing machine, appears as Wickstead, and Fairbairn is turned into Fairburn. So far as we have seen, the same carelessness is not present in the formulas and examples, but we notice a slip both in the diagram and calculation relating to the effective length of a strut with fixed ends.

Professor Bovey's book on the *Theory of Structures and Strength of Materials* is appropriately dedicated to one of the millionaires who have made the laboratories of McGill University objects of admiration, not to say envy, to other teachers of engineering. It treats, he says, of that portion of applied mechanics which has to do with structures. But, in fact, large sections of it have little or nothing to do with structures, and are out of place here, however suitable they are for inclusion in a general treatise on applied mechanics. Thus in Chapter III., under the comprehensive heading of "General Principles, &c.," we have an account of elastic co-efficients and other perfectly relevant matter, followed, without any apparent break, by paragraphs on work, momentum, centrifugal force, balancing and curves of piston velocity, which have nothing directly to do with the matter on hand. And, again, sandwiched between Chapters IV. and VI. is a chapter on Friction, which is not only curiously out of place where it stands, but has no business to be in the book at all. The volume is swelled to over eight hundred large octavo pages, and its form throughout is rather that of collected lecture notes than that of a well-digested treatise. Much would be gained by selection and free excision, and by the separation of important from comparatively unimportant matter by means of a distinction in type. There are evident marks of haste, as when the author, in giving definitions, writes that "the state of strain is simple when the stress acts in one direction only." But, in spite of these blemishes, Professor Bovey's book contains much good matter. Offering, as it does, a comprehensive discussion of the theory of elastic strain and strength in relation to practical problems, it cannot fail to be of considerable service to scientific engineers. Its value is enhanced by the large collection of examples which, with their solutions, are to be found at the end of each chapter. As a book of reference it may safely be commended to the attention of students, especially of such students as are not beginners.

No branch of mechanical construction just now shows more activity, and offers greater promise, than the manufacture of gas-engines and oil-engines. There is a widespread belief among engineers that the explosive gas-engine is the coming motor, and that the time is not far off when it will in great measure supersede steam. The gas-engine came to us as a means of obtaining motive-power conveniently and comparatively cheaply on a small scale. But illuminating gas is at the best a dear form of fuel, and it was not until experiment had shown that gas-engines could be successfully worked with cheap "producer" gas that they were in a position to enter into

serious competition with large steam-engines. It is now known that a gas-engine supplied with cheap gaseous fuel, produced from coal or from coke by such a process as Mr. Dowson's, need consume no more than 1 lb. of coal per hour for each effective horse-power developed by the engine. Under the most favourable conditions a steam-engine consumes nearly twice as much. There is, therefore, a splendid field open to gas-engine builders, as soon as they shall have produced a machine which is equally compact, power for power, with the steam-engine, equally steady and certain in its working, and equally capable of being built to work up to any required number of horse-power. They are advancing towards this goal, but the end is not yet. Meanwhile, as an offshoot from the gas-engine, the petroleum motor has sprung, almost suddenly, into prominence. Using liquid petroleum as its fuel, it works much like a gas-engine, without boiler or furnace, and with no need of more than casual and occasional attendance. It consumes from $\frac{3}{4}$ to 1 lb. of oil per hour per effective horse-power; and it can easily be arranged to work with perfect safety. Since the oil only costs about threepence a gallon, the expense of the fuel is trifling; it is less, indeed, than half the cost of coal in a small steam-engine, while the oil-engine has an obvious further advantage in requiring far less attention while running. Hence, naturally, oil-engines are taking the place of steam-engines at country houses and farms, and are finding a place where the steam-engine has never been admitted. The important trials of oil-engines which have just been made at the Cambridge Show of the Royal Agricultural Society are evidence of the interest now attaching to this type of motor, and also of the fact that in the hands of more than one manufacturing firm it has already taken a thoroughly practical and convenient form. Mr. Bryan Donkin's volume on *Gas, Oil, and Air Engines* is a timely contribution to engineering literature. He gives a full and well-written account of the development of engines of the internal combustion type, and describes most, if not all, of the modern forms of gas-engines and oil-engines in sufficient detail to let the distinctive features of each be appreciated. The author has been careful to keep himself in touch with the work of Continental as well as of English manufacturers, and the descriptive parts of his book are as complete as they are clear. In this part—and it is the chief part of the subject—he is evidently at home; but in the matter of theory he is strangely at sea. One is accustomed to look for some vagueness in connexion with the Second Law of Thermodynamics; but there is no need in referring to Carnot's ideal operation to say, "A perfect cycle was realized, since the whole heat was thus returned to its source"; or, again, "It is necessary to expand the gases as much as possible, because it is only by complete expansion that all the available heat can be utilized in doing work. If the gases are compressed by the return stroke of the piston, this heat will, theoretically, be refunded"; or, again, "If a gas be compressed at constant temperature, and no heat abstracted, work being done on it, and the gas caused to diminish in volume, heat will be stored up, and the temperature of the gas raised." Again, speaking of air-engines, the author says, "No change of physical state in the working agent takes place, and therefore all the heat generated and imparted to the air can, in theory, be utilized in work." We could multiply such instances of confusion and positive error. They are serious flaws in what is otherwise a good and useful book. In another edition its author should leave out the chapters on theory or take to himself a literary partner with a competent knowledge of thermodynamics.

Mr. Bowen Cooke writes of the British locomotive as one who knows and loves it. His work is less a scientific treatise than a semi-popular account, written, as he says, for people who take an intelligent interest in railway working rather than for the strictly professional reader, but still designed to teach something of the principles on which locomotives are constructed and worked. The author has succeeded in striking his mean very happily. The book is readable to the general; at the same time it is one which the engineer will be glad to have in his library. The illustrations are particularly good. A London and North-Western point of view is maintained throughout—a natural consequence of the author's connexion with that line—but it is the intimate knowledge bred of that connexion that gives the book most of its value.

Mr. Preece's name as one of the authors of *A Manual of Telephony* is enough to stamp the work as authoritative. The present volume brings a progressive subject up to date, and takes the place of a book on the Telephone published five years before by Mr. Preece himself, with the co-operation of Dr. Julius Maier. It gives a full account of the various instruments that are used in private and public systems, including the elaborate arrangements of the "exchange," which is the centre of the telephone subscriber's social nervous system. The final chapter deals with

the limiting distance of speech, and includes a notice of the highly successful telephonic communication which was established through Mr. Preece's efforts between London and Paris.

The Principles of Fitting is something of a misnomer; for "fitting" is not a matter of principle so much as of practice. But to any one who can proceed at once to carry out in the workshop the injunctions given by "A Foreman Pattern-Maker" they prove a good substitute for verbal teaching. The directions for lining out work and for the handling of tools are explicit and well illustrated.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

Journal des Goncourt. Tome septième. Paris: Charpentier-Fasquelle.
Place au théâtre. Par Richard O'Monroy. Paris: Calmann Lévy.
De cinq à sept. Par Julien Berr de Turique. Paris: Calmann Lévy.
Le silence. Par Edouard Rod. Paris: Perrin.
L'idole. Par Mme. E. Caro. Paris: Calmann Lévy.
Le lièvre du préfet. Texte Grec. Publié pour la première fois. Par Jules Nicole. Genève: Georg.

UNLESS we mistake, M. de Goncourt intimated at the end of the last, or sixth, volume of his *Journal* that the rest, approaching too nearly the present day, was not proper to be published till after his death. But he might make a very good Benedickian apology for the appearance of the seventh to the effect that when he said it should not be published till after his death, he did not think he should live to publish it. And it has been observed by them of old time that nothing literary burns in the pocket like an unpublished journal. For the rest, the approach of age or the necessity of dealing with live men has considerably softened some of the asperities of M. de Goncourt's pen. Neither, however, has eradicated his naïf belief in the wickedness of the world and its habit of plotting against good men of letters. "Why," he asks with inimitable simplicity, "should they drop my *Henriette Maréchal*, which is, at any rate, producing sixty-eight pounds a night, for a new piece which they admittedly do not expect to produce more than twenty-four?" This question is not quite unanswerable, but we need not attempt to answer it. For the rest these years (1885-1888) could hardly be expected to yield anything so attractive as their elders. It is a long way from *Sainte-Beuve* and *Gautier*, from *Flaubert* and *Turgénieff*, to M. de Rosny and the late M. Caze, and that interesting author of *Autour d'un Clocher*, who was very properly "put to prison," though, no doubt, it was unlucky that he died there. There are some interesting Daudetiana, and there is one story of *Inkermann* which deserves the attention of old Crimean officers. According to this, a certain unnamed English general "élégantissime," but speaking French badly, yet like "an *incroyable* of the Directory," urged the pursuit of the Russians, and was declared by Canrobert next day to be "the only man in the two armies who had had his eyes open."

Two books of the kind launched by M. Droz long ago, and popularized by "Gyp," "Richard O'Monroy," and others later, lie before us—one by the "Viscount" himself, one by a newer practitioner, M. Julien Berr de Turique. Both are amusing enough in their well-known way, though perhaps one gets rather tired of the attention paid to the minutest doings of opera "rats," as they used to call them. *Place au théâtre* is miscellaneous, though united to a certain extent by the appearance from time to time of the *Manchaballe* family and other old acquaintances, M. de Turique presents something like a thread whereon to string his pearls or mock-pearls in the fortunes of a couple who, threatening each other with divorce, come (according to the theme so popular with French writers since M. Naquet triumphed) to a redintegration.

M. Rod and Mme. Caro, as novel-writers now go in France, are not persons to be slighted, nor are they persons to produce anything bad. But we have seen better work by both than the two books now before us. In *Le silence* M. Rod has only strayed a little from the old path in his favourite field on the outskirts of the domain of *Venus Libitina*. But he has spiced his well-known misanthropy with a new flavour of paradox, illustrating rather than maintaining the thesis that "la dissimulation et le mensonge ne sont pas toujours avilissants"—that, instead of the necessity for them being, as some not too indulgent moralists have held, the worst part of illicit love, they are the best; that they "ennoble, like everything which obliges us to a great expense of interior energy." Now, in order to rob a bank successfully, you must expend a great deal of interior energy; you can seldom do it by merely knocking down the caretaker and using the alderman. To be quite frank, this kind of paradox seems to us unworthy of a man of M. Rod's ability. It was never much more than a trick; and it has now descended to the level

of a trick known to all undergraduates and to most schoolboys. The really strong man nowadays is the man who dares to be commonplace, like Aristotle, and Solomon, and Shakspeare. However, M. Rod thinks differently, and few people need to be told that he wears his difference with sufficient ingenuity of analysis and "delicacy" (as they call it) of sentiment. And we most fully acknowledge that he is quite entitled to say that he never really sustained the thesis—that he has merely put the *pro* and the *con* of it in two stories and some conversations.

Mme. Caro was by no means unlucky in fixing on the type of her heroine—a type which is not hackneyed in fiction, and yet is very frequently found in fact. Dagmar de Maloussie (whose more strictly legal title might be the much less well-sounding Dagmar Duval) is rich, beautiful, Platonic, and in a way fascinating; while she at least thinks herself generous. But she is at heart a mere selfish tyrant, and an exacting "idol" who gives nothing to her worshippers. The idea is good; the working out less so. Dagmar herself wants less description and more touches of life in action and speech; while the minor characters are also a little too much of *pantins*. The hero especially, Jacques Keller, a young and penniless *savant* who comes to catalogue the Maloussie Library, is not only hackneyed "down to the cord," but is not particularly good; the candid rival of Dagmar, her niece Hélène, is one of a thousand, in a quite different sense from the complimentary one; and even "Frère Ange," the Voltairian parasite and grumbler, lacks distinction. The best figure is the hapless Lætitia, Dagmar's foster-sister and victim, whom in pure charity "the idol" maintains as a companion, without wages, and without even decently providing her with bare necessities, except dresses for show. This part would have carried off a short tale brilliantly; it will hardly suffice for a volume.

The publishers and the editor of *Le lièvre du préfet*—the French version of which we noticed here lately, with a regret that we had not received the Greek text—have most courteously sent us a copy thereof, with a Latin translation and French apparatus. We can only say at present that it increases our sense of the interest of the book, and that we recommend it heartily to students both of things Byzantine and of general historical politics. A better text for a much-needed sermon we have seldom seen.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

TO speak of "poems in prose," or "prose poems," is to employ terms of antagonism and contradiction, or to suggest, at the best, a barbarous hybridization. Mr. Edward Garnett's pretty volume of essays, *An Imaged World* (Dent & Co.), is not without certain of the qualities of poetic prose, but the prose of these "Poems in Prose," as Mr. Garnett calls his essays, is as far from being poetry as any other kind of prose must needs be. Let us exemplify. In "Moorland Clouds" there is a sympathetic and, we may add, an accurate description of the lark's song at evening:—"In the darkening evening air his stopped song leaves desolate the hills, leaves cold and still the sombre moor. Only the voice of the mighty wind remains, blowing through the grasses of the dim valleys and stream-sides and lonely reaches of this night-gathering land." In this description, as in the other essays, Mr. Garnett's study of nature shows a poet's observation. It is both sensitive and exact, for the most part. But how unlike the poet's is the rhythmic character of this prose! Is it conceivable that a poet would have written that sentence about the "stopped song"? Here is another passage which seems to us must be, what "prose poems" seldom fail to be, equally unpleasing to the ear as prose and to the ear as poetry:—"Oh, the blessed Sun, the blessed Sun! to it beating over all the broad forested plain, the silvery waterways, the steaming cornfield and pasturage, the flocks of feathered things and the wild creatures of the wood, and the humble creeping life on moor and hill, to it beating warm on the land that else had been grey and wan, all things give praise for this self-same renewing of life." The iteration and diffuseness of this manner of writing is, to us at least, intolerably tedious. Mr. Garnett is more successful—is, indeed, not without a certain grace of style—when he attempts something more concentrated in effect, as in the pretty idyllic address of the lover in "A Little Pathway in the Woods." Mr. Edward Hyde contributes some charming drawings to Mr. Garnett's elegant and well-printed volume.

The new or modern boy is amusingly portrayed in Mr. G. S. Street's *Autobiography of a Boy* (Mathews & Lane). "Tubby," as this beautiful creature is irreverently named, makes in these pages such artless revelations of his superior and inevitably misunderstood mind, it were unfair to quote examples of his ingenuous confessions. Each section of his autobiographical recol-

lections is essential to the transcendent whole. The portraiture, in fact, is not to be epitomized in a paragraph. It is hard, we feel, to express preferences in the matter. Especially delightful is his experience as a patron of the movement in favour of visiting the benighted East End with the light of Young Oxford. His "easy nature," he tells us, was persuaded to personally conduct a party of East-Enders through Oxford. He gave them a meat-tea in his rooms. He thought they would get drunk and sing songs in the quad, but found them "hopelessly respectable and exasperatingly intelligent." He tried in vain to brighten their "soulless and mission-ridden existences." Not less delightful is his expostulation with the athletic parson who amazed him by rude health and commonplace conversation. He should have been "mediæval," he tells him, instead of which he was most irritatingly modern, talking politics, singing "great noisy songs," and so forth. The parson's brutal reply to this friendly argument is to challenge Tubby to a wrestle, and great is Tubby's fall. But the dry, unconscious humour of Tubby's self-delineation is only to be fully enjoyed in Tubby's own relation of his experiences.

Those who would learn somewhat of the present status of the North American Indian may be well advised in reading Mr. Price Collier's interesting little book, *Mr. Picket-Pin and his Friends* (Swan Sonnenschein & Co.) Mr. Collier compares the treatment of the poor Indian to the two favourite methods of treating "the unattached dog." One of these methods is to "shoo" at the dog, tie tin-cans to his tail, and chase him, until in his frenzy he bites some one, and is shot by a policeman. The other is to take him to a "home," feed him to the point of rheumatic gout, "and let him rot to death in idleness." "Mr. Picket-Pin," the type of the modern Indian, is by no means a bad fellow, according to Mr. Collier. On the one hand, the Indian is not the "industrious and much-abused ward of the selfish and dishonest nation," nor is he, on the other hand, "a wild and cruel blackguard, who lies, steals, and murders at every opportunity." Mr. Collier forcibly remarks that the men who have been most constantly in contact with the Indians are not fitted by natural ability or education to give a fair account of them. The true story of the relations between the U.S. Government and the Indians has never yet been impartially written. Mr. Collier's little book is decidedly something in the way of a contribution to that much-needed history that merits the consideration of everybody interested in the subject. Knowledge and good sense and a pleasant humour characterize Mr. Collier's book.

Under the title *Aspects of Modern Study* (Macmillan & Co.) are collected the addresses of various speakers to the students of the London Society for the Extension of University Teaching at the annual meetings held at the Mansion House since 1886. Various as the speeches are, in scope and in style, their publication is a happy idea, since there is a true community of aim in the addresses, even though they are not equally demonstrative of the objects of University Extension. Mr. Goschen's admirable speech on "Hearing, Reading, and Thinking," and Mr. John Morley's not less suggestive address on "The Study of Literature," might, indeed, have been spoken to another audience and on another occasion. Some of the remaining speeches have also a practical value of the more general kind that appeals to general readers, which in itself should assure this volume of a wider hearing than its contents gained originally as separate speeches.

Recent numbers of *L'Art* contain some lively articles by M. Paul Leroi, reformer and critic, on the State manufacture of artists in France. What would be thought, he asks, of an Academy that undertook to make men of letters? All France would laugh at the notion. Yet the State persists in manufacturing painters and sculptors, architects and engravers—musicians M. Leroi lets pass—with results, in his opinion, that are nothing but disastrous. He illustrates his criticism with an "impartial examination," accompanied by extremely sarcastic comments, on the achievements of painters who have taken the Prix de Rome. *L'Art* never lacks good matter for readers. The number that contains M. Leroi's entertaining summary of the works of State-made painters contains some admirable papers, notably one by M. Eugène de Bricqueville on "Les Instruments de Musique Champêtres," with illustrations from the author's collection of vieilles, rimbombins, and so forth, and a reproduction of the fine portrait of the Marquis de Gueidan playing the musette, by Hyacinthe Rigaud, now in the Musée at Aix-en-Provence.

The translator of M. Jules Lermina's ingenious stories—*Three Exploits of M. Parent* (Osgood, McIlvaine, & Co.)—has taken upon himself, in his wisdom, to transpose the order of the original, and placed the first exploit of the French Sherlock

Holmes at the end of his book, which is no way to consider the requirements of the English reader, who must necessarily prefer to know who and what Maurice Parent is at the start, and not at the end. Translators should not play such pranks with authors.

In Mr. Heinemann's "International Library" we have a second novel by Señor Armando Valdés, *The Grandee*, translated by Rachel Chalice, the latest production of the author of *Froth*, a version of which has already appeared in the same series. The story deals with phases of life still further removed, as Mr. Gosse in his introduction points out, from the observation of foreigners than are the pictures of Madrid society presented in *Froth*. The scene is a provincial city, the principal characters belong to the old aristocracy of Spain, and the drama in which they figure is certainly what Mr. Gosse describes it—"a singular transcript of pride and picturesqueness." Strange, if not grotesque, is the society depicted in this powerful, yet unpleasant, story. The Grandee himself is a striking personage, and not the least remarkable among the other characters is the curiously incisive sketch of the middle-aged Cuban beau, Manuel Antonio, one of those odd "Indian bachelors" who contribute to the gaieties of life in Lancia.

In an introduction to two stories by M. François Coppée, translated by Winifred Heaton—*Blessed are the Poor* (Heinemann)—Mr. T. P. O'Connor, having pointed the moral—"they carry their morals on their foreheads," these ingenious stories—proceeds to remark with excellent justice that "you need have no fear of finding a tract in disguise or a sermon in a domino" in M. Coppée. Indeed, they are both pretty stories, even though the sentimental note is a trifle forced.

Whose was the Blame? (Swan Sonnenschein & Co.) by Mrs. James Gregor, translated from the German by Marie L. Shedlock, with a "Prologue" from the Russian of Prince Galitzen, is described as "a Woman's Version of the Kreutzer Sonata," though clearly inspired by Prince Galitzen, not less than by Tolstoi. The story tells of incompatibility of temper, and is somewhat washy and dreadfully inconclusive to the dramatic sense. The lady leaves the house, like another Nora, but not before she finds an elective affinity—she is a great reader of Goethe—in an anæmic, high-toned, Werther-faced man, who fascinated her by "the peculiar shape of his head and the loftiness of his forehead." She is content, and he is perfectly agreed in her content, to worship him afar. He dies. She lives to regain her lost tone by contact with strong natures that "have not come to grief on the pointed cliffs of conventionalism."

The *Catalogue* of the "Caxton Head" Exhibition of International Bookbinding (J. & M. L. Tregaskis) comprises some beautiful reproductions of the bookbinding exhibited, with an Introduction written by Mr. Cyril Davenport.

The July volume of Messrs. Black's "Dryburgh" edition of Scott is *Woodstock*, and the illustrator thereof is Mr. Stanley Berkeley, whose drawings are in their way charming and cleverly characterized. His Sir Harry Lee, for instance, is a capital presentation of the fiery old cavalier, and the incidents selected by the artist are treated with excellent spirit.

Mr. R. de Los Rios, who etches his own designs for *Anne of Geierstein*, in Mr. Nimmo's "Border" edition, is a careful observer of the archæology of his subject, in which respect he is certainly sympathetic with Scott, who, in spite of his own fearless romantic method, was more of a purist in such matters than some imagine. The artist's etchings are interesting and accomplished. There is something of Doré with a touch of Mrs. Radcliffe in his "Geierstein," and his various interiors of church, or vaulted chamber, the "Folterkammer" where Hagenbach examines the "English merchants," and the rest, are very well designed. Then Mr. de Los Rios appears to have studied the text, which is admirable in an illustrator. Thus, in his curious scene of the execution of Hagenbach, the executioner is uncommon tall, as Scott makes him, though in fact he was a little man, as Mr. Lang points out in his notes.

Among other new editions we note Mr. Francis Parkman's valuable historical work, *A Half-Century of Conflict* (Macmillan & Co.), fifth edition, in two volumes; Epitome of the *Synthetic Philosophy*, by F. Howard Collins, with a Preface by Herbert Spencer (Williams & Norgate), third edition, including *The Data of Ethics*; a new edition of *The Data of Ethics*, by Herbert Spencer, with Appendix and Replies to Criticism (Williams & Norgate); *Judas Maccabæus*, by Claude Reignier Conder, D.C.L. (Watt & Co.); *Thames and Tweed*, by George Rooper, revised and enlarged edition (Sampson Low & Co.); and two new volumes—Marryat's *Children of the New Forest* and Selections from Miss Mitford's *Our Village*—in Messrs. Blackie's "School and Home Library," a handy and well-printed series of choice works.

We have also received *The Harrow School Register*, 1801-1893, edited by R. Courtenay Welch (Longmans & Co.); *The Natural Law of Money*, by William Brough (Putnam's Sons); *The Investors' Review*, edited by A. J. Wilson, Vol. III. (Wilson & Milne); *The Wood-Worker's Handbook*, a manual of instruction, by Paul N. Hasluck (Crosby Lockwood & Son); *Comparative Oology of North American Birds*, by Dr. R. W. Shufeldt, a publication of the Smithsonian Institution (Washington: Government Office); *Speeches*, by Sir Edward Clarke, second series, chiefly forensic (Routledge & Son); *Lord Rosebery, his Words and Work*, by Arthur Wallace (Drane); *The A B C of New Zealand Politics*, by Archibald Sanderson (Masterton, N.Z.: Payton & Co.); *The Graphic Temperance Reader*, by Sir B. W. Richardson, M.D. (Collins, Sons, & Co.); *Miss Mackerell Skye*, by Herbert S. Squance, illustrated by A. D. McCormick (Fisher Unwin); *In Verse and Out of It*, by Bernard Fielding (Digby, Long, & Co.); *Towards Utopia*, by a Free Lance (Swan Sonnenschein & Co.); and further additions to Messrs. Bell's "Modern Translations" series—Schiller's *Mary Stuart*, by Joseph Mellish; *The Maid of Orleans*, by Miss Swanwick, and *William Tell*, by Sir Theodore Martin.

We beg leave to state that we cannot return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception, even if stamps for return of M.S. are sent. The Editor must also entirely decline to enter into correspondence with the writers of MSS. sent in and not acknowledged.

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